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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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MURDER IN DRAMATIC MASQUERADE.

HOW A JEALOUS AND WINE-MADDENED ACTRESS AVENGED HERSELF UPON HER SUCCESSFUL RIVAL AND TURNED A ROARING COMEDY INTO AN ACTUALITY OF BLOOD.



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POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

With No. 215 of the *POLICE GAZETTE* we inaugurated an addition to our famous and popular series of "Footlight Favorites." Henceforth we shall present with each issue two portraits of our most popular and famous actors and actresses. By preserving them our readers will be able to form a theatrical picture gallery of inestimable interest and value, such as no American journal has ever yet had the enterprise to furnish. In this, as in other matters of importance to the public, the *POLICE GAZETTE* is, as usual first in the field.

A CANADA town boasts of two brothers who are practicing law in spite of the fact that they are both deaf mutes.

WILLIAM KUHLE, of Metamora, Ill., suspected of being the bandit Williams, has been released from jail at Menomonee, Wis.

FOR cutting timber on government land in northern Michigan, Charles Bellante was taken to Detroit and fined \$675 and costs.

GEN. SHERMAN claims that the soldiers of the national army are overworked. He should detail a few of the officers to relieve them.

JOHN SHEA escaped from a bailiff in St. Louis, and a few hours later killed Police Officer Doran, who caught him committing a burglary.

A BRIDGE over a stream in Missouri bears the legend: "Drive over as fast as you want to and be damned!" Everybody, therefore, drives at a walk.

A TWO-LEGGED hog in Logan county, Ky., ate nineteen good-sized Irish potatoes for supper one evening last week, and, strange to say, he is still alive.

A FRENCHMAN in business in California advertises that he has a "chasm" for an apprentice. He had looked up the word "opening" in the dictionary.

AN editor in Illinois announces the death of his paper thus: "We've concluded to 'kick the bucket.' It has been a question of slow starvation or suicide, and we've determined on suicide."

IN next issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE* we will commence the publication of one of the most powerful criminal romances of the century, under the title of "Hush Money; or, the Murder in the Air." Look out for it. To miss it is to miss one of the literary treats of the age.

CINCINNATI folks, when they do have religion, have it thoroughly. A poor girl of that city had no clothes presentable to wear to church, but rather than stay away, she stole a suit that would do.

IN Fall River, Mass., a store was closed and a keeper put in charge for a claim of 98 cents. The owner was obliged to give bonds of \$300 to dissolve the attachment and employ counsel to defend him in court.

THE wedding of a prominent lawyer of Ottawa, Ont., was stopped at the opening sentence of the ceremony by a friend whispering in the ear of the bridegroom the fact that his fiancée was a desperate adventuress.

WORKMEN digging in the cellar of a house in Vincennes, Ind., recently occupied by Jennie Loten for disreputable purposes, dug up two infant skeletons, and a number of other loose bones. The discovery has created considerable excitement.

CHARLES E. PATRICK, who robbed a safe in a hotel at Greencastle, Ind., was captured in Indianapolis and confessed his crime. His parents are wealthy people of Carmi, Ill., and he offered to draw on them for the amount stolen, but the authorities refused to settle.

A FUNNY incident of the election in Milwaukee was the advent at the polls of Mr. Ed. Smith, the well-known liquor dealer, with five of his employees, all of whom voted the straight Independent Temperance ticket. The vote was the result of a compromise between the six gentlemen, who differed in political sentiment.

ONE of the incidents of our rapidly advancing civilization is the decline of ladies' sewing circles. The explanation appears to be that the newspapers so eagerly appropriate and so exhaustively discuss all items of scandal that a really enterprising woman can't afford the time to attend the meetings.

A PARTY of Genesee county, Mich., Methodist ministers went into the north woods on a deer-slaying expedition a few days ago, and the first blood was drawn by Rev. J. T. Joslyn, who accidentally shot off the forefinger of his left hand. They will doubtless confine their deer-slaying to their own parish hereafter.

THERE is a curious case at Fall River, Mass. A Catholic priest from his pulpit forbade the members of his church to trade with a merchant of that place, who had been excommunicated for joining a secret society. The merchant sued the church for \$20,000 damages, and attached a convent which belongs to the society.

IN 1863 George Potts killed Jack Shanin at a spelling school in Liverpool, Ill. He ran away, and for years had not been heard of. He was properly indicted at the time. Recently he returned from Havana and was arrested. Examination disclosed the fact that the papers of the indictment were lost, and the case stricken from the docket. In consequence the man was released.

SOME vandals, of Logansport, Ind., have been tampering with the contents of the vaults in the private burying grounds on the Wabash river, a couple of miles west of town. Although this lot has not been used as a place of burial lately, it has been kept in good condition and carefully guarded. It was found that someone had eaved in the doors of the vault with stones, and the half-decayed contents of several coffins were scattered around on the banks.

"BRETHREN," said the Leadville clergyman, as he breathlessly entered the pulpit twenty minutes late, "I know I'm behind time, but here is my excuse: 'I had a flush royal and Deacon York had four queens, and though he bet low, I knew he'd put his entire pile in, and I couldn't bear to break up such a good thing by calling him. So I stayed

and scooped his pile. Can you pardon me for the delay?' And the congregation shouted: 'Aye!' and gave three cheers for the preacher, and then the services were begun.

JUDGE ALLEN of San Francisco made an order in the divorce case of Rachael Allen against John Allen, forbidding the husband until further order of the court "to speak to, or attempt to speak to, or converse with his wife either in the court room or in the house where she resides or elsewhere, or to molest and annoy her in any manner whatever during the pending of the action." The order was based on an affidavit prepared by the son of the parties, complaining that the defendant had been persecuting the plaintiff in court and elsewhere by following her about and making bantering and annoying remarks to her.

WE don't want a Mehama girl for a lung tester. At a singing school up there the other night, a young man was bragging about the strength of his lungs, and invited a girl in the company to hit him in the breast. She said she was left-handed, had been washing that day, and was tired and didn't feel very active, but at his urgent request let go at him. When his friends went to pick him up, he said he thought he would die easier lying down. He had lost all recollection of having any lungs, but the young woman consoled him by admitting that she didn't hit him as hard as she might have done, because she rather liked him.

Two farmers had a quarrel seventeen years ago at Nankin, Mich., over the location of a line fence. There have since been numerous personal encounters, expensive litigation, frequent removals of the fence at night, and of late a shooting affray. The three clergymen of the town then undertook to effect a reconciliation, but all their pacific arguments were in vain. A distinguished bummer thereupon took up the difficult case. Neither of the farmers was an habitual drinker, yet the mediator in disguise succeeded, after several attempts, in getting them both drunk at the same time. He brought them together in that condition, alcohol amiability conquered animosity, and they shook hands, since which occasion there has been peace.

AT Tiffin, O., last week, a theological student, named Charles E. Madder, killed Miss Phoebe Bernard on the street because she declined his attentions. On Sunday evening, while a mob was arranging to lynch the murderer, Sheriff Lease was informed of the plan, and made ample preparations to hold his prisoner. The police attempted the arrest of Andy Moore, leader of the mob, and three officers were badly wounded. Dennis Hallanan was captured with a rope in his possession. Sixty men guarded the jail, and there was a general belief that another attempt to lynch Madder would be made before daylight, which the sheriff defeated by sending the prisoner in a buggy to Fremont, to be placed behind the bars at Toledo.

A POOR excuse is said to be better than none, but a young man now in Sing Sing prison doubts it. He was convicted of obtaining money under false pretenses, and when asked if he had any reasons to offer why sentence should not be pronounced, stated that he needed the money for the purpose of getting married. On the suggestion being made that it would have been a good idea to have postponed the wedding, he replied that in such an event he would have been sued for breach of promise and a verdict of \$5,000 rendered against him. Being advised of this fact he preferred taking the chances of a term in the penitentiary rather than have such a judgment hanging over him. He was sent up for two years, and his wife now doubtless wishes she hadn't been so hasty.

SEASONING

"If I had a heart like thine," said a gambler to his opponent, "I should be flushed with joy."

A MAN has no remedy for his hair falling off. A woman can always use hairpins and keep on as much hair as she likes.

"SIX GIRLS" is the title of the latest novel. It is expected that a sequel entitled "Our Broken Gate" will be issued soon.

"Now, how many years would you give me, sir?" "Why should I give you any, madame? Have you not enough already?"

"Why don't you have some stile about you?" said the man who had looked along a mile of barbed fence for an entrance.

An old woman confessed that when she was young she had many lovers. "Ah," she said, "the sweet griefs I knew in those days!"

A DEDHAM minister asked one of his female parishioners if she was "a mother in Israel," to which she responded, "Oh, land sakes, no! I have never been married!"

OF course it was only a slip of the tongue when the darkey minister announced that there would be a baptism the following Sunday of four adults and three adulteresses.

"RESPECT my honor or tremble for your life," she said. He thought of her husband and he ran away. "And there goes," she murmured, "a coward who is afraid of death."

MISS POSIGUSH says she should love to be a soldier—they have so many engagements. She should remember that where there are so many engagements a fellow has to be on guard.

THE report that the French visitors to the Yorkville Centennial went into a railroad station restaurant the other day and called for railroad "frogs" is an infirm contrivance of the foe.

AN artless young lady reader wants to know what the young men mean when they call a young fellow a "muff." A muff, sweetest one, is something that holds a girl's hand without squeezing it.

A SMALL boy testified in a justice's court that the affray took place on Sunday. "How do you know it was Sunday?" "Because that day I had to go to the back door of the saloon to get beer instead of the front door."

A PENNY makes more noise in the contribution box than a five dollar bill, and the man who gives the penny usually makes more noise than the giver of the bill when it comes to say "amen" or voting on church management.

SKIGGINS sits up rather late nights, and Mrs. S. finds fault with his using so much gas. He told her he couldn't allow any gas company to get the best of him—he paid for the gas, so he was bound to burn it and get the value of his money.

"PEARS to me your mill goes awful slow," said an impatient farmer boy to a miller. "I could eat that meal faster'n you grind it." "How long do you think you could do it, my lad?" quoth the miller. "Till I starved to death," answered the boy.

"It is a disgraceful shame!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, as her lord and master came in in a demoralized condition. "You've been drinking again, and it was only last week that you took the pledge." "Just my luck," said Smith; "break everything I get hold of."

SOME enterprising searcher after painful realities tells us that the cucumber was cultivated 3,000 years ago. The inference is probably drawn from the fact that many bodies were interred at that early date in sitting posture, as if doubled up with the cramp.

A DUTCHMAN who married his second wife a few hours after the funeral of the first was visited with a two hours' serene in token of disapproval. "I say, pops, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be making all dish noise ven dere vas a funeral here so soon."

A NEGRO being asked what he was in jail for said it was for borrowing money. "But," said the questioner, "they don't put people in jail for borrowing money." "Yes," said the darkey, "but I had to knock the man down two or three times before he would lend it to me."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher (about to comment on St. Paul's direction for the conduct of men and women during the divine service): "Now, do you know why women do not take off their bonnets in church?" Small boy: "'Cos they ain't got lookin'-glasses to put 'em on again by."

AN Austin father rebuked his son for drinking at the saloons. "Didn't you used to drink at the saloons when you were of my age?" asked the promising young man. "Yes, but I saw the folly of it and gave it up." "Well, how am I to see the folly of it, so I can give it up, unless I go there?"

A LITTLE boy in a Sunday-school put a poser to his teacher. The lady was telling her class how God punished the Egyptians by causing the first born of each household to be slain. The little boy listened attentively. At the proper interval he mildly inquired: "What would God have done had there been twins?"

"YES," said a witness, "I remember the defendant's mother crying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only one she has—the tears were running down her right cheek." "What," exclaimed the judge, "how could that be?" "Please, your honor, she was awfully cross-eyed."

"YES, dear, of course we're going to Washington this winter; the President's a widower, you know." "How awfully too utterly sweet!" "Yes, and the new British Minister's a bachelor." "How too preciously consummately lovely! I can't marry them both, you know, dear." "No, dear, leave me just one."

IT was a breach-of-promise case. Said the defendant: "I merely asked her if she would marry me, and she said yes; but I didn't make any promise to her." "You don't seem to be a very promising young man, that's a fact," said his honor; "but as you raised this young woman's expectations, we shall expect you to raise \$10,000 also. Call the next case."

"WHEN invitations for a wedding are issued who should order and pay printing and getting up of invitation, the parents or friends of the bride, or the groomsmen?" asks a correspondent. It is the correct thing when the bride's old man has any boodle to put the bill on him, but if he is impecunious, the groom generally stands some printer off, so you see that in any event it is either the old man or the printer who has to suffer.

FOLLY'S QUEENS;

OR,

WOMEN WHOSE LOVES HAVE RULED THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

This adventure appears to have effected Charlotte as deeply as anything could affect so smooth a temperament. She railed by fits and starts at the injustice of her fate, vowed vengeance on her father, on all the world. She persuaded Jockey Adams to remove to another town, to St. Albans, and here, as she brooded over accumulated wrongs, the desired vengeance answered her call and came. It reached her ears that the obdurate Colley, traveling on business, was to lie the following night at St. Albans on his way to pay a visit to some aristocratic patron. Charlotte donned boots and vizard and looming through the mist a horseback in the road bade his coach stand while he delivered; presented a pistol at his breast and while he groveled down and cried for mercy withered his conscience-stricken soul with her upbraidings. With unctuous tears he begged for life, craved pardon for the past, gave up his purse with three score guineas, his diamond buckles, sumptuous watch and snuff-box and then was permitted to depart with gibes and echoing peals of laughter for his cowardice, which cut into his vanity like knives.

It was but a poor revenge of Charlotte's after all, although she gained the guineas and the jewelry no doubt; for she fixed firmly in her parent's heart undying hatred.

Hitherto he had taken no steps himself to do the lady injury. But now it was different. She dared to show up her father to public ignominy and derision, to make a laughing stock of him. She must be crushed, then, ere time was given to work more serious harm.

Her life thenceforth was an endless round of misery. She played snap parts as a man till she had to reveal herself; served as a valet to an Irish lord and next as journeyman to a sausage maker.

Her next post was a waiter at the King's Head Tavern, Marylebone, whence she returned to the profession as manager of a wretched band of barn-stormers. An uncle provided her pitifully with a little money, with which she opened a tavern in Drury Lane, but soon went to pot. She played under her brother, Theophilus, at the Haymarket till the house was closed, when she relapsed into the old, hopeless condition of a vagabond player.

The simple story of her wretchedness reads incredible. She published it in an autobiography in 1755, which provided her with money enough to open a public house, in which she failed, as usual.

She escaped her creditors and a warrant and, hidden in a hut in the fields, squatting on a cinder heap, she wrote a novel with no better desk than a ballows. Her companions for several months in this hermitage were a squalid servant girl, a cat, dog, magpie and monkey. When she finished her novel she sold it for five pounds and moved into London again.

There she gleaned a scanty subsistence from the theatres, prolonging her life till the 6th of April, 1760.

Does the history of folly hold the chronicle of a madder queen than this?

CHAPTER IX.

A SIREN OF OLD NEW YORK.

New York is a city that grows old fast. New things to-day seem old to-morrow. The restless, impetuous, go-ahead spirit that permeates all of the people who inhabit the metropolis crowds out all reverence for things and traditions of the past. This spot or that building may have been the scene of some event that had a powerful influence at the time of its occurrence in moulding the destiny of the people for weal or woe. Progress demands that they be blotted out by improvement. Without a thought of regret the demand is complied with.

There is but little sentiment in a New Yorker's nature when business is concerned. He knows no law but that of progress. He feels no sentiment but that of enterprise.

Hence we see changes going on every day and so gradually but surely does their realization dawn upon us that they excite no wonder.

It does not need an "old inhabitant" to tell you of the time when Canal street was the boundary line between the green fields of the country and the city proper. Men comparatively young remember the time and manifest no surprise at the transformation which has taken place.

Before the country above Canal street was settled in its present condition Lispenard, Franklin and Leonard streets were considered up-town. In these streets stood, so considered at the time, magnificent residences, occupied by the wealthy and cultured people of the city. Gradually they removed a little farther up and their homes became the abiding place of the elite demi-monde and the resort of the gay and frolicsome from all parts of the

country. Some fine old mansion would be turned into a gin mill, another into a hotel, another into a brothel.

The hallowed quietude of domesticity soon gave way to the turmoil of debauchery. Satan began to recognize the neighborhood as his New York stamping ground.

Among the gayest of the gay at that time was a scarlet beauty named Kate Hastings. Her domicile was located in — street. Some romantic debauchee, with the licentiousness of feudal times in his mind, named her house "Castle Hasting" and by that designation it became famous all over the Union. Its charming mistress entertained all who came in regal style. Under her roof occurred events which form a part of New York's history. Political plans were formed that had a mighty influence on the destiny of the United States.

It was no uncommon sight to see her entertaining in one evening distinguished statesmen, famous generals and celebrated authors and she did it with so much grace and such queenly hospitality that the sin of being her guest never troubled the morals of her company in the least.

One of the most famous of the visitors to the "Castle Hasting" was Aaron Burr. His last visit was made a few months before his death. This notorious rascal was charmed with the wit and beauty of the wicked Kate and declared that her equal was not to be found. Such an opinion from so competent a critic of female loveliness was no slight compliment.

At this time she was still in her teens. As she grew older she lost none of her art to charm. The Castle's fame as a resort of pleasure increased with age, and the orgies which took place there from time to time were declared exact counterparts of the festivals of heathen mythology with all the wickedness reproduced and improved upon.

Kate presided over this saturnalia of sinful pleasure with a gusto which must have delighted the soul of her master beyond measure.

In later years, when Kate became more practical, the Castle was the resort of the sporting element of New York and the presence of this class often led to uproars, in which revolvers, bowies and fists played a reckless part.

Many of these ructions were the result of disputes as to the merits of the then champion pugilists of New York. During an evening some aspiring gladiator, accompanied by his henchmen, would drop in. Shortly after an opponent, similarly guarded, would follow. The fighting blood of both parties, warmed up to belligerency by Kate's wine, was bound to assert itself. Compliments of a very derogatory character were sent flying back and forth at each other. Then came a challenge and immediately after the fun began. The gorgeous furniture which adorned Kate's domicile, the sensitive nerves of her lovely crop of females, the peace of the neighborhood—nothing, in fact, was taken into consideration by the blood-thirsty combatants. They had their fun out, and when the question of muscular superiority was decided the victors and vanquished sat down amid the ruin they had wrought and drank bumpers to each other's health and powers until nature succumbed to the drowsy influence of wine and they fell under and about the table, too drunk for flight or utterance.

Other rows at the Castle quite as turbulent and destructive grew out of the sectional feeling at that time between the North and South. Some valiant Southerner, firm in the belief that "one Southerner could lick three Yankees," would announce his readiness and anxiety to prove that this assertion was not an empty boast but a glorious reality. He generally found some equally valiant Yankee who believed right the reverse and who was just as anxious to prove his belief. When both sections were represented by several warriors the issue was all the more interesting. Fists generally played the prologue in settling the question, but invariably revolvers closed the scene.

Notwithstanding these various little "on-pleasantries" Kate managed to bring order out of chaos and keep up the reputation of her Castle as "one of the quietest places in Gotham for an evening's enjoyment." When a fight was ended she poured oil on the troubled waters by feminine diplomacy, which would make the fame of a European statesman eternal as a peace-maker. Those who came to fight remained to fraternize in the wildest revelry, and long before they separated they had more than paid for all the damage they had done to the Castle.

For a great many years Kate flourished in the accumulation of wealth. Meanwhile her wondrous beauty had begun to vanish under the touch of time and dissipation. Among her other vices she had acquired a passion for gambling, a pastime, by the way, much more fashionable and common then than now. Her parlors were turned into gambling rooms, and night after night fortunes were lost and won there.

Among the votaries of chance who were her patrons none were more reckless than Kate. She played with a rashness that seemed born of desperation, and luck generally favored her. Her success with cards became proverbial and it frightened many superstitious gamblers so badly that they avoided her as they would a witch.

One night a wealthy New Orleans merchant engaged her at a game, at which it was agreed that the stakes should not be less than \$5,000 a side. Play began about ten o'clock and lasted until the sun began to throw his rays across Castle Hastings. Then the merchant arose from the table and went out into the streets a poor man. The evening papers chronicled his death by suicide and but few knew the motive for the deed.

Two or three years after this event Kate met her match in another resident of the Crescent City. One by one she saw every dollar she possessed vanish, until she could not meet the call of her opponent. In a fit of desperation she wagered the Castle against its value—and lost. The law of retribution found an executor in the man from New Orleans. His townsman's sad death found an avenger in him. Kate was sent out into the world a pauper. The friends of the days of her prosperity deserted her one by one. She drank wine, then whisky, then whatever she could get that was intoxicating, and finally died, as pitiful a wreck of humanity as was ever hustled into Potter's Field.

And this is the fate that awaits many a Queen of Folly who to-day thinks that life was given for pleasure only.

Look out for "Hush Money; or, The Murder in the Air," in No. 219 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

LOST IN THOUGHT.

The Soliloquy of a Plug-Ugly at the Survey of the Back of His Head.

A few days since a weather-beaten tramp shuffled into a Fourth street barber shop in Cincinnati and, throwing his ragged hat on the floor crawled up into the luxury of a barber-chair, gazed into the mirror in front of him a moment and growled:

"Cut my hair."

"Short?" inquired the willing artist.

"Yes," was the reply.

The mowing-machine used on such occasions was straightway lowered from a peg near by and the dismantling of a spherically-shaped head begun.

The man's shiftless appearance as he entered the shop, his greasy toilet and his sinister face had attracted the attention of all the patients awaiting the cry of "Next!" and when he unceremoniously occupied the chair vacated as he entered there was no "next" to cry him nay. Even the proprietor of the shop made no effort at arguing the question of barber ethics, and so the brief colloquy just detailed and so the subsequent clipping.

Naturally the new arrival was an object of interest to all those awaiting his departure. As the hair that had evidently long been a stranger to a comb fell rapidly to the floor great bald spots were observed on the scalp. There were seams and gashes, here a patch of hair and there a patch. On one side the scalp was puckered up as if at one time the wearer had improvised a bed of live coals into a pillow. The curious sight was suggestive of a "mackerel sky," and the suggestion was not far-fetched, either.

The contract for dismantling completed, the tramp slid out of the chair and while the observers were painfully resisting the temptation to giggle the barber handed him a hand-glass and, standing before one of the large mirrors, bade him take in the panorama.

For the first time in his life the shorn man caught a glimpse of where his back brains were located. He turned his hand-glass one way and then another, that he might take in all the novel sight, and presently the individual scars began to attract his attention.

Utterly oblivious of being observed, he began to soliloquize:

"That there scar over my right ear was what I got about a week after Mary and I were married. She twitted me of marrying her for her money, and because she only had a pair of \$6 ear-rings and \$40 I got mad; told her she was mashed on my beauty, and then she raised the flat-iron. I was several weeks getting well. That great long gash that runs from where my neck leaves off and my head begins clean across the occipital, and which makes me think of a tape-worm more than a rainbow, was where my head encountered a cheese-knife; I had attempted to lick one of the young ones for crying; I was wounded just as I was crossing the threshold, bound for the cold world; I had Mary arrested for abusing the family, but somehow got into the works myself; when I got out Mary was divorced and another feller was courting her; I attempted to lick that other feller and that accounts for the absence of any hair roots back of my left ear; I was obliged to accept the situation."

The glass was turned about a few times and the soliloquizer resumed:

"But ain't that a daisy where my hat appears to have rubbed the hair off? My hat wasn't to blame, oh, no! I wouldn't take a dollar for that scar. I was driving on the Sedamsville street-cars. The conductor got mad at me because I wouldn't allow him more'n sixty seconds to go for his dinner. He called me a melancholy old grass widower. I let go the brakes and dropped the reins. We finally rolled between the front platform and the mules' heels. The mules' heels weren't used to such interruption and they rose to a point of order. I was sort of dazed for a few minutes, but I licked the conductor. I've been

discharged ever since. That old scab that haint yet ready to come off I got at the last election. I tried to vote a half and half ticket down in the Fourth Ward, and so please the boys on both sides, and they both got mad and all of them together give me a h-l of a pounding. I'm just getting well."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Barber, but I haven't any change. Pay day has been delayed; I'll call around in a few days. Charge it to my account. My name is Ferguson—Mr. Ferguson. Don't forget to charge. Good-bye."

A DUSKY MAIDEN.

Goes Back on Her Uncle and Wants \$10,000 From the Old Gent.

Dempsey Butler, Camden's, N. J., wealthiest colored citizen, is a prisoner in Pontiac, Mich., on a charge of breach of promise and seduction, preferred by his niece, Elvira Speed, of that place. Butler, whose threescore years have whitened his locks, is well known in Camden. He is quite wealthy.

About a year ago he went to Michigan and soon returned with his niece Elvira, a half-breed Indian, aged 18, whom he promised to adopt and make heiress to his fortune. Not long after his return the girl's parents mistrusted something and the mother journeyed to Camden with a view of compelling her daughter to return to her Western home. Mrs. Speed's reception was not the most cordial. She was not allowed to visit her daughter, who refused to recognize the authority of her parents. The aid of several lawyers was enlisted in the mother's cause and the matter was taken into the courts. Judge Parker heard the case and at its close ordered the young girl to be delivered over to the care of her mother.

The young woman reluctantly returned home, but the knowledge that Butler had recently been divorced from his wife changed the maiden's love into hate. At the instance of her parents she wrote several letters to her uncle, all breathing tender messages and requesting him to come to Michigan. Butler fell into the trap and with grip-sack in hand he proceeded to the little town of Pontiac, only to be pounced upon by the sheriff. A suit for damages for breach of promise was at once instituted, and Butler was asked to furnish \$10,000 bail. This he was unable to give, but at the solicitation of his lawyers he was not incarcerated in the prison, but was allowed to take up quarters in the hotel, having for his guardian a deputy sheriff whose expenses he is obliged to pay. On the ground that the bail was excessive the Court reduced the amount to \$5,000.

A HERMIT'S FATE.

Ben Murrell, a noted mountain hermit of Arkansas, who has lived alone in the woods for many years past, was found dead in his hut by a party of hunters who, happening in the vicinity, called at the desolate abode to inquire the nearest way across the hills, a few days ago. Receiving no reply to repeated knocks for admission, the party pushed open the rude door and entered the little room, only to find the occupant stretched upon the miserable bed, a corpse.

He had been dead two or three days, having evidently died from affection of the heart. The house presented a strange appearance. A bench, some cooking utensils, and the furs of various wild animals constituted the furniture. No money was found in the hut, though the owner was reported to have accumulated quite a sum by the sale of pelts. Murrell is said to have been a trapper on Lake Michigan years ago. Nobody knew anything about him, not even his real name. He led a strange life, and his death was equally peculiar.

GONE WITH ANOTHER.

The quiet and staid people of Forestville, Chautauqua County, N. Y., were last Sunday startled by the report that Miss Nellie Record, the daughter of a prominent and well-known lawyer of that place, Mr. John G. Record, had been married and had eloped with Mr. Dell Dye, a young man well known in Forestville. Inquiry confirmed the truth of the report and the news spread as only such news can spread in a country town. A fact that gives additional prominence to the affair is that Miss Nellie was to have been married to her father's law partner, Mr. Warren Tooker, a well-to-do and much-respected gentleman, about six years the lady's senior. Invitations had been out for some time, the bride's trousseau had been delivered and all arrangements for the happy event completed when the elopement took place. All the parties concerned move in the highest circles and the affair has created a sensation.

HE WANTS A SALVE.

John C. Zenz, a mechanical engineer of Chicago, has begun a breach-of-promise suit against Miss Louisa Frenzel, a wealthy young lady of Chicago, claiming \$10,000 damages. The complainant alleges that the betrothal was made nearly two years ago and the date of marriage was set for September last, but when the groom presented himself the lady withdrew from the obligation without assigning any cause. The plaintiff backs up his claim with a bushel of letters and tender notes, knowledge of the contents of which is at present withheld.



HARRY CLARK,

ALIAS "BERWICK," ARRESTED FOR "BLOWING"
THE SAFE OF THE MORRIS CANAL COM-
PANY AT PHILLIPSBURG, N. J.

Two Safe-Blowers.

Harry Clark, alias "Berwick," and George Smith, alias "Yellow," were arrested at Easton, Pa., last October for "blowing" the safe in the office of the Morris Canal Company at Phillipsburg, N. J., on Oct. 7, 1881. At the time of their arrest they were dressed in clothes belonging to clerks of the company, which they had stolen. They were fully identified and surrendered to the New Jersey officers on a requisition. They were detected while trying to break jail on Oct. 23, and failed in their efforts. They have been operating through New Jersey and as far as Pittston, Pa., and during the last six months have cracked ten safes. The police say they are amateurs, but considering the work they have done they have made rapid strides toward being professionals.

The Unknown Guest.

Two young men recently applied to a buxom widow in New York city for board at her hashery. She was very favorably impressed with their appearance, and before accepting them, asked them what were their respective occupations. They told her they were students, whereupon she became doubtful of them. She had heard that students, especially medical ones, were wild, and given to play all sorts of reckless pranks. She expressed her doubts to the applicants, saying she had always heard that students were "a pretty hard lot."

They denounced the accusation as a libel on embryo lawyers and doctors, assuring her that they were as gentle as lambs and not inclined to wildness. Being very boyish in appearance she thought she would try them, stipulating, however, that the agreement should terminate on notice, should she not desire to keep them. She denies that the agreement was a joint one, claiming that each spoke for himself and each settled his own board.

They had not been in the house long before noises were heard in their room, and occasionally a "racket" would be raised in the hall. These noises were often prolonged until late in the night, and her other boarders complained and threatened to leave.

Not content with these diversions, she says, the young men acted in a shocking manner at the table. The remarks they passed as to the ingredients of the viands were disgusting and insulting, causing the other boarders to again complain. Many of them threatened to leave, and some did leave, whereupon she determined to rid herself of her obnoxious guests.

She gave them notice to quit, and they went out swearing vengeance. The next morning a shabby-genteel tramp entered the dining-room and seated himself at the table. He eat voraciously and the boarders had a hard scramble to get a mouthful, while the landlady stared in horror at the capacity of the man's stomach. At last she ventured to address him and then learned that instead of being a friend of one of the boarders as she supposed he had been sent there by the noisy students.

The other boarders were too grateful on



THE BARBER'S FOE.

HOW A NEW YORK GOAT ROBBED A TONSORIAL ARTIST OF A JOB, AND DEPRIVED AN ANNIHILATOR OF TYRANTS OF HIS CHIEF CHARM.



GEORGE SMITH,

ALIAS "YELLOW," SAFE "BLOWER" AND PAL OF
HARRY CLARK; ARRESTED NEAR EASTON, PA.

An Unwelcome Visitor.

Locomotive engine No. 237 got on the rampage last week in Cincinnati and entered the saloon sitting-room of John Taphorn, which is located on the corner of Front and Mill streets. Along Front street runs the connection railroad and 150 feet west of Taphorn's saloon is a frog. A freight train with two engines in the lead and one in the rear was moving along eastwardly when engine No. 237, which was in front, jumped the track at the frog and scooted along at lightning speed until it reached the saloon when, knowing John kept good beer and needing a little something, it leered to the left and tearing down doors, windows and the whole side of the two-story frame house, turned over

chairs, stoves, tables and swept everything before it. The bums laying around did not wait to be asked to drink, but scattered, blinded by smoke and deafened by the racket, thinking, of course, of course, old Mother Shipton's prophecy had come true, that the world was coming to an end and the devil was on hand, horns, hoof and fire-shovel. Assistance soon came and the engine was persuaded on to the track by the aid of crowbars and jack-screws, after having smashed up things to the tune of about \$300. The character of these engines is none of the best anyhow. About two weeks ago one of the freight cars "got off its nut" and paid Ned Martin's saloon a visit a few squares beyond, knocking things golley west. This thing has got to be stopped. A locomotive that can't tell a saloon from a union depot is as liable to be seduced, deceived and



A THIRSTY LOCOMOTIVE.

HOW AN IRON HORSE IN WANT OF A DRINK CLEANED OUT A CINCINNATI BAR ROOM.

learning the tramp was not a new boarder to find fault. The students have sought lodgings elsewhere. Woe be unto the landlady

who receives them for they are possessed with an evil spirit, that is, if the boarders are to be believed, for they call them the sons of Belial.

imposed upon as was the blind girl who took a band-box for a ten-dollar bill.

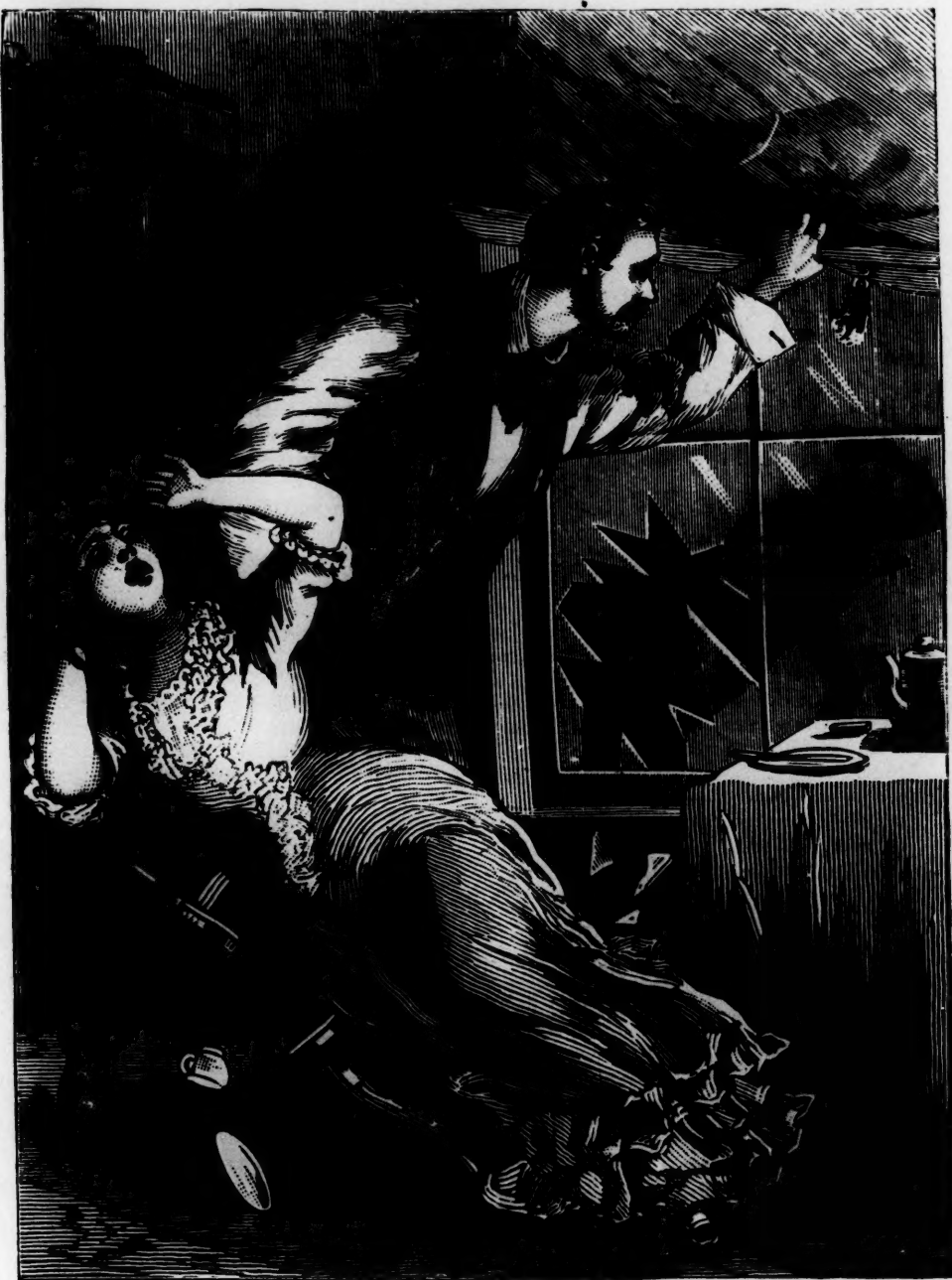
An Aesthetic Goat.

The Oscar Wilde school of aesthetes has many disciples among the socialistic class in Gotham. Long hair and *outré* garments with them take the place of intellect and they pass their time in raving in the "too utterly too-too" style over stale beer and bad cigars. Recently one shining light of this school came to grief through the antics of a practical William Goat, who paid more attention to having a full stomach than aesthetic culture. While the brainless fellow sat dreaming blissful dreams of the happy days that are to be too grandly gorgeous, if not gorgeously grand, the goat entered in quest of something to whet his appetite. He was surfeited with tomato cans and three-sheet posters and gutter snipes had lost all attractions. He surveyed the situation and soon espied the long hair of the aesthete falling on his shoulders sublimely beautiful, not to say beautifully sublime. The practical goat did not stop to consider the sin he was about to commit nor the agony the aesthete would suffer by the loss, but straightway went for the hair and in a short time it was woefully ragged and raggedly woeful. Before the goat had finished his repast the utterly too-too fool awoke to the situation and the force of his language would make a drunken street-walker green with envy.



THE UNKNOWN GUEST

WHO STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEART OF THE LANDLADY AND CAUSED THE BOARDERS TO GO HUNGRY, NEW YORK CITY.



FILIAL MORALITY AND MARKSMANSHIP.

HOW A SON WITH MORAL SCRUPLES TESTIFIED HIS OBJECTION TO HIS FATHER'S MISTRESS AT BALTIMORE, MD.



MASHING A MASHER.

THE FATE THAT BEFEL A COMMON NUISANCE, WITH MORE BELLY THAN BRAINS, IN HIS AMATORY WANDERINGS BEHIND THE SCENES OF A NEW YORK THEATRE.

Thomas J. Davis.

Thomas J. Davis, a well-known printer of Saratoga, N. Y., was engaged to marry a widow in comfortable circumstances in Troy, and recently he wrote to her asking her forgiveness for betraying a young girl with whom he had compromised. The widow in answering the epistle declared that while she loved as dearly as ever and freely forgave, it was a duty he owed to God and himself to wed the girl he had betrayed. Davis in replying announced his intention to commit suicide, and on the same day, Oct. 11, he disappeared and has not been seen since. It is believed that he has drowned himself in Saratoga Lake.

Jas. A. Hogan, of New Haven, Conn., Middle-Weight Pugilist.

In this week's issue we publish a picture of James A. Hogan, the middle-weight pugilist



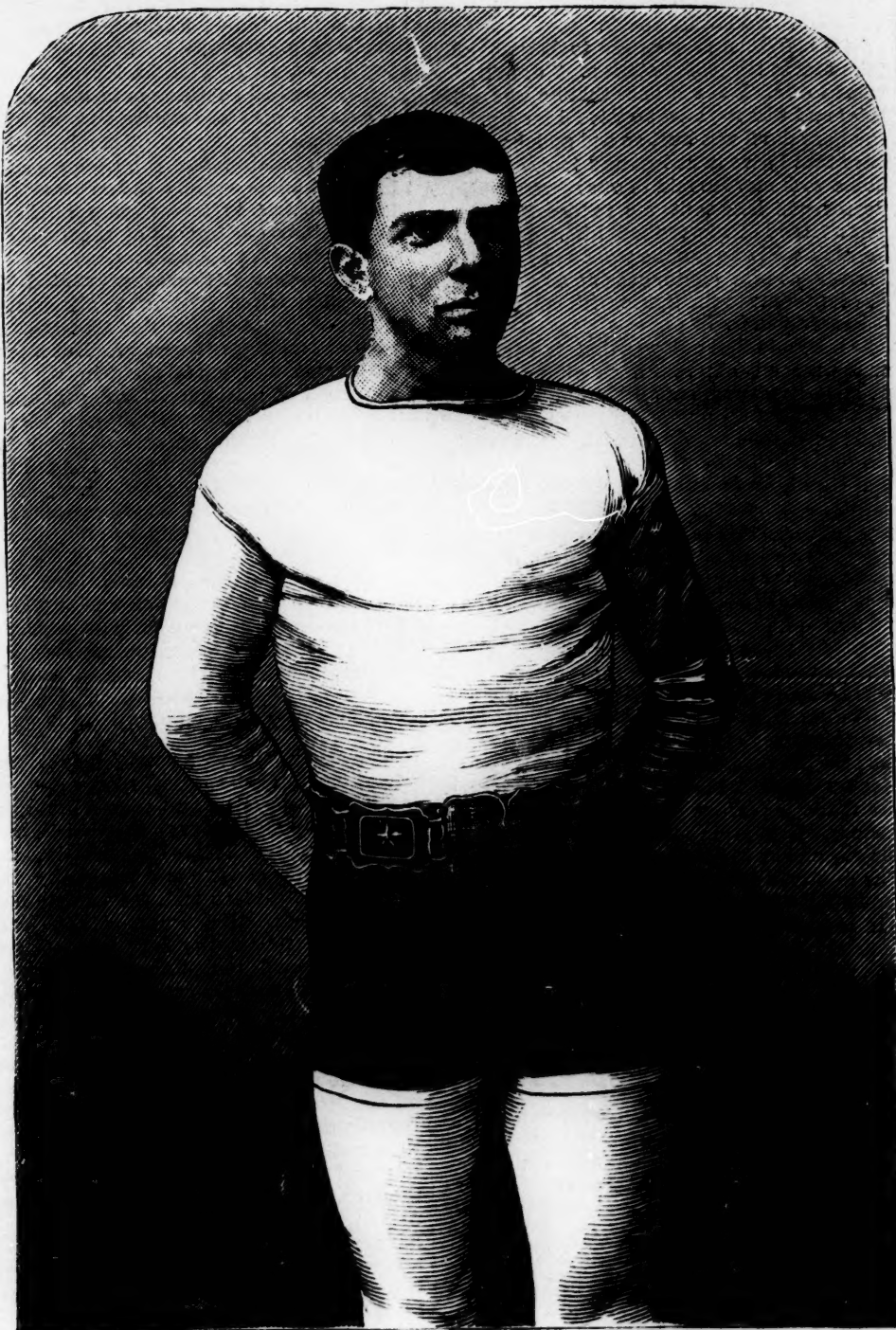
J. A. HOGAN,

MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.

of New Haven, Conn. Hogan is a native of Providence, R. I., and has figured in numerous glove contests. He boxed four rounds with John L. Sullivan at Providence, R. I., and in spite of the great hitting powers of Sullivan Hogan stood before him for four rounds.

A Son's Crime.

On the night of Nov. 3, about half-past seven o'clock, while Mrs. Fanny Keifer, aged 30 years, housekeeper for A. H. Cornish, was sit-



POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

MICHAEL DONOHUE,

CHAMPION LIGHT-WEIGHT COLLAR-AND-ELBOW WRESTLER OF NEW YORK CITY.

(Photo. by Wood, 308 Bowery.)

ting at the kitchen window in her house in Baltimore, Md., some unknown party fired through the window from an adjoining alley, the whole charge entering Mrs. Keifer's head just behind the left ear, inflicting a wound which will prove fatal. Mrs. Keifer has, it is stated, been separated from her husband for some time. Manuel Keifer, the husband of the wounded woman, was arrested on charge of having done the shooting. The next day a son of Mr. Cornish was arrested and confessed the crime and expressed regret that he had not killed his father also. An alleged improper intimacy between Mrs. Keifer and the elder Cornish is said to have been the cause of the murder.

A Race For Life.

A man had a curious race for life near Meriden, Conn. He swallowed a large dose of morphine, intending suicide, but quickly



THOMAS J. DAVIS,

MISSING FROM SARATOGA, N. Y., AFTER CONFESSING A WRONG.

changed his mind and started for the nearest physician, who was two miles away. He felt the dangerous drowsiness stealing over him and ran with all his might. The exercise kept him awake, but his mouth became parched, his eyes filmy and his strength less. He stopped to pray, but an instant of delay warned him that, unless he depended on miraculous help, there was no time to be lost on his knees. He at length stumbled into the doctor's office and fell senseless on the floor, but was saved by energetic treatment.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Corpse Hunter.

"Last January," said Mr. Walker, the corpse hunter, "we was picking our way down the river about two o'clock in the morning. The stream was full of ice, but the night was werry bright with a full moon. Suddint I see a woman on the end of that werry 'dential dock there," pointing to pier No. 3, which the boat was just rounding. "She stood there just about a minute, and then she throws her arms up, and over she goes into the drink."

"Well, sir, we couldn't get the boat through the pack ice atween us and the shore to save our souls. Wot does that Dave Kimo do but snatch a oar and go out on the ice, a-crawlin' on his belly towards the wharf. Close in the ice was smashed by some vessels as had been towed out that arternoon, and it hadn't frozen together solid agin. The woman had gone through this, come up, and grabbed the edge of the hard ice, an' there she hung now, a-yelling for help like a catamount. She wanted to die, but preferred warmer water."

"Dave got her out and brought her aboard the boat. She was a pretty young thing, about twenty years old, and werry nice dressed. She was most crazy, and from her talk we made out she had been left by her husband, at the Stevens House, where they was a stoppin. Dave Kimo fell in love with her at once. He wrapped her up in the blanket we allus carries, and when we got in at Pier 1 he carried her to the hotel and rushed for the doctor."

"The nearest one lived at the werry hotel she had run away from, and there Dave finds the husband raving around like a crazy stud-horse, threatenin' to tear the roof off if he couldn't find his wife. He had been away a day and a night on business, and the dispatch he'd sent to tell her of it had gone astray. So she thought he had deserted her, you see. He gave us a clean hundred cases apiece and you never see two happier people than them. But it was rough on Dave, I allow."

"A dead skin, that's what it was," commented the victim of disappointment. "You show me a deader skin now, of you kin."

The boat now passed the South Ferry slip, and held a course for the Brooklyn end of Governor's Island. A South Ferry boat passed so close that the rough water of her paddles set the skiff dancing crazily, and I asked:

"Don't you ever get into trouble with the ferry boats?"

"I never did but once. I was run down by the Atlantic once. My boat was bursted all to splinters, and my pardner killed. But I was picked up. Since then I look twists afore I cross a ferry boat's bows, you can bet your life. Ah! here's the channel. Now, then, Dave, take her through easy."

The skiff slid slowly through the channel separating Governor's Island from south Brooklyn. The fall of the oars broke the waters into lines of phosphorescent bubbles. On the landing wharf the steps of the sentry could be distinctly heard. A dog barked, and a boat moored to the wharf rattled and banged against the piles. Otherwise the silence was as profound as that of an abandoned graveyard.

"This here channel was our best lay onet," said Zachary Walker, in a husky half whisper. "The shores used to be choked up with weeds, and many's the corpse would come down with the tide and get tangled here. Do you mind that young Frenchman, Dave?"

"Aye, do I?"

"Jest at daylight one morning we found a stiff here. It was a young Frenchman in a spike-tail coat, and dressed like as if for a ball. He had a bullet hole in his head and a revolver in his hand. The police made him out to be a young artist, named Piorry. About four days afterward we picked up a young lady at the werry same place. She was dressed elegant and wore dimonds. My soul do you 'member them dimonds, Dave?"

"Oh, don't I?"

"Well, sir, that pair, so the police found out, was lovers. Both had tempers of their own. One night they was coming from a party in New York—they lived in Brooklyn, you see—and they had a spat. Piorry he puts the gal into a car and walks back, aboard of the boat. About half way betwixt Brooklyn and New York the people on the boat hears, from the bow, a shout and a plunge."

"Two days afterward we found young Piorry down in the Buttermilk Channel. When the gal found out about it, I s'pose her conscience smote her. Anyway, the same river as drifted her lover down among the mud and tangled grass fetched her there afterward."

"Most of the people we finds, though, is unknowns. About three-quarters is poor, poverty-hunted wretches, that is better off in the river than anywhere else. The rest is, say half accidents, and t'other half violences. The accidents generally pans out well enough from their pockets. The violences is allus cleaned out."

"Bakes alive! What fearful things I see among them violences. Onet I picked up a man with his entrils eat right out'n him and a lot of eels in there insted. He had been ripped open. Dozens have I found without heads, either rotted or cut off."

"I can tell you, when I first got to handling them the sights, an' the smells, was enough to turn me inside out. But I got used to it an' here I am. There's a way of handling a river stiff, you see, as makes the work easy enough when you know how."

"Our spear of usefulness ain't limited to stiffes though. Ef we had to depend on them we'd chaw wind instead of beefsteaks most of the time. It's live men as plays in best for us. Years ago, you see, afore the police was so strict, if you caught a corpse you went through its pockets, and frequently, specially on sailors, found a comfortable pile."

"Now, however, everything has to be handed to the police for purposes of 'identification. Of course, in cases like Piorry and the young gal, the relatives come down handsome. But then for two of them we ketch 200 that ain't worth the rope we tow 'em ashore hardly."

"Why, sir, in the old days we used to not only empty a body's pockets but strip its clothes off. I've seen men which wore the duds off of twenty different corpses at one time for a Sunday suit. That was the reason you hardly ever heard of any drowned people being identified in them days. If they hadn't no marks on their bodies they couldn't be."

"Now, contrarilywise, we tow a corpse ashore and gives it up to the police just as it lays."

"But I was talking about live men. There's more suicides tempted round New York that ever the police dreams of. Men is drunk or down-hearted, or something or other, and they happens to be on a ferryboat. Everything's handy, so over they goes. As soon as they tastes water, though, they weakens and wishes they hadn't gone and done it. That's our chance. If we can only pick them up then we're good for all the money they can lay hands to for rescooing of them, and keeping the thing quiet."

"I raked in seven since the first of the month. One of 'em is one of the owners of the werry line of ferryboats he jumped off of. Another is the captin of a ocean steamer."

"Generally, though we never find their names out, and of course we never asks, most of that sort has money with them. When they hasn't they says, 'meet me at so and so tomorrow, my man,' and they never misses fire. If you ever see shame-faced men, it's them, and they'd rather pay hundreds of dollars than have the stories against them come out."

"The queerest start I ever had in this way was about four years ago. It were one rainy night in the fall of the year. I was pulling for home with Dave here at the tiller, when a boat drifted past us. We rowed alongside intending to take it in tow when we found a man in the bottom. He was sensible, but hit hard with a bullet in his breast. The bottom of the boat was full of blood, and he was so weak he could hardly speak."

"He had tongue enough to beg us not to take him to the police station. I didn't know what to do. I see at once that he was a river thief and I knew I art to give him up. But the pore devil was hurt so bad and begged so hard that I give in at last and took him along home with me. He laid in our room a week. A doctor, which he sent me to himself, and who was a friend of his, tended him. As soon as he was well enough he went away in a hack. I never see him again, but one day a Adams Express come to the house with an envelope. It had \$250 in it."

"All I could find out was that it come from a man named John Smith, which was in course as good as no name at all. From what I was able to hear I concluded that my man was Big Mike Shanahan, the river pirate. He answered the description anyhow, and about that time he was shot by a watchman on the ship Australasia, but escaped. His pardners was captured on that job and sent up. Mike was reported to have hid somewhere till he could get away from the city. If I ain't very much mistaken he was hid in my room."

Another and much more legitimate source of profit to the river resurrectionist, Mr. Walker went on to explain, is grappling. Families who have lost a relative, presumably by drowning, frequently employ him day after day dragging suspected points in the river for the missing one. Accidents on the river are also fat jobs. A blow-uplike the Westfield's is a red letter event in the corpse hunter's history. Grappling for the dead is paid for by the day and at very fair rates of remuneration. The relatives of those found generally reward the finder with extra presents."

In regard to the gains of the corpse hunter Zachary Walker was adamantly silent. The reporter could not ascertain whether this proceeded from a fear that he was going to enter into a competition with him or not. But only the vaguest and most unsatisfactory hints could be gained. One point, however, struck me very forcibly. That was that in spite of the police regulations, a corpse with any money in its pocket stood or floated a poor chance of ever reaching the shore with its property intact.—From the POLICE GAZETTE "Annual."

A Maiden's Ruse.

On Carson street, not a very great distance from Twelfth, Pittsburg, Pa., lives a youthful maiden, a member of a highly respectable family, the head of which is believed to be the proprietor of an apoplectic looking purse. She is full of fun, dash and spirit, but is so young that as yet she is compelled to "ask ma" when

invited out anywhere, and therefore the other night when asked to accompany a callow youth to a party, she requested him to call in the evening for an answer, hoping that the fates would be propitious.

When ma was asked for her consent, however, she remarked "no," in an emphatic tone. Therefore when the young masculine pink of perfect insipidity called in the evening, he was met at the door by the young Miss and informed in a tone loud enough to be heard in the parlor, that she was very sorry but she couldn't go. Then there was something said that pa and ma did not hear, and the youth took his departure. The demure damsel then entered the parlor, where she sat for some time conversing with the old folks. But finally she began to yawn in the prettiest manner imaginable, and after entertaining pa and ma in this way for a short time she said that she was very sleepy and believed that she would retire.

She did retire, too, but not to bed, and had pa and ma taken a little reconnoitre on the outside of the domicile, they might have witnessed a sight which would have caused their blood to boil with indignation; for there, directly beneath an attic window, which looked out from under the gable in the side-yard, stood the callow youth who, an hour before, had been refused permission to escort their daughter to the soiree; and at the window far above him stood the daughter.

"Are you ready?" he called in a half whisper.

"Yes."

"Then let them go," and as he said this the youth raised his eyes more heavenward and stood with outstretched and uplifted arms.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when a fluffy bundle, which appeared like a condensation of materialized zephyrs, was cast from the maiden's hands with a "there," and shot out into the night air. That bundle was the little demoiselle's party clothes, and for a moment it seemed as if it was going to fall directly within the grasp of the anxious one below. But suddenly, when a short distance down, it separated, and to the horror of both all the scattered finery with the exception of one piece lodged in the top of a tall shade tree. The one piece which escaped the tree was a gleaming white dainty affair which had the appearance of a white umbrella without ribs or handle, and as it floated lazily down within reach of the watcher he ejaculated:

"There's nothing come down but your pet-pet—I mean your underdress without any top on it."

Then blushing inwardly, he stood with the garment on his arm gazing upward in a dazed and horrified state of mind.

He aroused from his painful lethargy at last, however, and urged by the appealing gestures of the fair one in the loft, attempted to do something. He tried to climb the tree, but it was too perpendicular for him, and as he had never climbed anything but a step-ladder or a counter in the store where he worked he was compelled to give it up. Then he tried to secure the waving finery by means of a long pole, but failed again, and he at last was compelled to flee in terror when he heard the girl's father coming out of the front door to close the first story shutters.

The blessed darkness prevented the old gentleman from getting a glimpse of the strange spectacle on the tree-top, and he went to bed none the wiser. But meanwhile the tearful maiden at the window could do nothing but gaze upon her dainty apparel as it floated from the bare limbs of the tree like a puffed, gored and ruffled ensign of distress, until after the midnight bell had tolled, and her gay and festive big brother, who had been over to town with "the boys," came home. He was quietly acquainted with the distressing state of affairs; and like a wickedly good brother whose legs were fit for "trees-on-strategy and strife," he shinned it up among the branches and soon dropped lightly to the ground with the rescued dry goods in his possession.

A Midnight Visitor.

The other evening a young lady residing in Brooklyn retired to her room. Before disrobing she sat down and soon fell into a reverie, from which she was startled by a noise in the chimney. Before she had time to wonder as to the cause a man's foot appeared in the empty fire-place and was soon followed by the body and head of a man, rather black with soot. The fellow was surprised to find the room occupied, but as the girl started back in fright he politely raised his hat and invited her to be seated, at the same time assuring her that he intended her no harm. Mechanically the girl did as she was bidden and when she was somewhat calmed down she asked the intruder's business. The fellow politely apologized for his unceremonious entry and then stated that he was hard up, and starvation and poverty had forced him to disregard the laws of *meum et tuum*, and frankly stated that he had come down the chimney for the purpose of stealing. He had been discovered and was at the mercy of the young girl, and it was for her to say whether she wanted to send him to prison or allow him his liberty.

The girl was moved by the rascal's tale of woe, and being of a romantic disposition she told him he might go, but first she would give him some money so that he need not steal. The thief took the purse and was soon up the

chimney. The young lady learned through the papers the following day that nearly every house on the block had been robbed, and she then knew that her visitor was a consummate thief.

A Daughter's Crime

"When a pretty woman commits theft," said a New York detective, "they say she is a kleptomaniac; but let an ugly woman steal and she is a vulgar thief."

In proof of this statement the detective cited a recent case in which he had been engaged. A wealthy gentleman came to him recently and said that he was being robbed by some one, probably in his own household, or at least by some one who was fully acquainted with the fact that he was in the habit of keeping large sums of money in a safe in his study. On two occasions he had lost five hundred dollars which he had placed in his safe, and there were no marks of violence on the safe. The detective put a good man on the case and soon learned that the family consisted of the gentleman, his wife and only daughter, and two servants. One of the servants was suspected of taking the money, but after shadowing her for a couple of weeks the detective became satisfied that she was not guilty. Little headway was made and while the operator was still on the case another robbery was committed. Rather chagrined, the detective took the case in charge himself. He shadowed every one connected with the house and soon learned that the daughter was in the habit of meeting a young man on the corner of a certain street. He also learned that she gave him money, and putting this and that together he was satisfied he knew the thief. Without mentioning his suspicions he told the head of the house to put a purse of money in his safe, and then to mention the fact in the presence of his family and servants. This was done and the detective secreted himself in the study, where he could see the safe. About midnight he heard a light footstep and looking out from his hiding place he saw a slender female figure stealthily crossing the floor. He watched and saw the girl open the safe with a key, secure the money and then lock the safe again. As she turned the moonlight fell on her and revealed the only daughter. Without revealing his presence the detective followed and saw her enter a room. Looking through the half open door he saw her put the money in a stove-pipe, and as she left the room he confronted her. The girl begged for mercy and told the detective that she wanted the money to quiet the clamorings of a man who knew of a false step she had made. He detective took pity on her, but still had to report the main facts to the father. He was terribly shocked, but it was decided that the girl was a kleptomaniac, no reason being known for her wanting the money. The detective squelched the man who was bleeding the girl by a threat of arresting him for blackmail.

Egg-Nogg in a Hat.

On Oct. 21, among a party in Bradley's saloon, in Paterson, N. J., the question arose as to the possibility of raising chickens by a new process. The proposition was, as laid down by a politician who was drinking whiskey punch without the adjunct of lemons, sugar or water, that if new eggs were to be broken in the hat of any gentleman present, treated liberally with whiskey and set on fire the result would be chickens, whose birth would be apparent to all.

At this moment the attention of Dr. Haymes, one of the party, and a gentleman well known in Paterson, was diverted to an adjoining room by ex-alderman Bowering, who is supposed to have been concerned in a plot which was subsequently carried out. Dr. Haymes, as he stepped into the adjoining room, left his hat, an article constructed of soft felt, on the table. No sooner was he gone with Mr. Bowering than his hat was seized and attached to the table by a shingle nail driven through the apex. Into the hat then, which stood as a bowl, half a dozen eggs were broken and the same were treated with a liberal quantity of high-proof whiskey, which was set on fire.

At this moment Dr. Haymes returned to his companions and noticing his hat in what he supposed to be jeopardy he attempted to snatch it from the table and extinguish the flames. Of course, on account of the shingle nail he was unsuccessful. Seeing, then, the eggs which were in the hat and noticing the other evidences of careful preparation to perpetrate a joke upon him, he withdrew.

A few days afterward he called upon those whom he supposed had been concerned in the destruction of his hat and demanded restitution. They listened to what he had to say, but then immediately began to treat his demands with great levity, calling him by opprobrious epithets, among others "Old Swipes," and one of them throwing a chair cushion which struck Dr. Haymes in the face and, while it failed to knock him down, veered him for a moment out of a dignified posture and caused him considerable annoyance and bodily pain. His nose, he says in the affidavit which he has caused to be prepared, was "badly scratched and noticeably injured," and one eye was bunged so that it was "bloodshot and lame." Dr. Haymes has brought suit for \$2,000 damages and the case will soon be tried.

Jocko's Morning Call.

The aristocrat of organ-grinders is the one who owns a monkey. The odd ways and curious antics of the tricksome little animal he carries about with him as an adjunct to his melodious mechanism attract attention where nothing else would. People who would hurl curses at an organ-grinder stop to smile at his monkey. Children deprive themselves of lollipops for the pleasure of placing a penny in Jocko's hand and seeing him doff his cap in gratitude. Besides, when an organ-grinder has a monkey he is not alone dependent on the people who gather around and skurry off at the first sign of a collection, but he can send him after the departing ones to gather the contributions in.

The chief usefulness of the organ monkey, however, is in making collections from the houses before which his master plays. Where ever there is an open window Jocko is instructed to make an entrance and appeal for a gratuity. The consequence is he sometimes gets in at queer places and sees strange sights. The poet Fitz James O'Brien once suggested that it would be a good idea for some sensational scribe to write the "Confessions of an Organ-Grinder's Monkey." We are inclined to think that Fitz James was about right.

The monkey who took a trip through West Thirteenth street last week, for instance, could have told at least one curious incident. What it was our artist has explained as well as we can. We leave the incident for his graphic pencil to tell, instead of trying to do it justice with our tame pen.

We may as well add, however, that that monkey will never intrude where he is not wanted again. A wash pitcher proved a number of degrees harder than his skull. His master contemplated suing the assassin for damages until she threatened to have her big brother prosecute him for being an accessory to a burlesque entry of which his defunct pet was the principal. He is now training a monkey to look before he goes in, and to shun bedrooms in which young ladies are doing something to their hair before a glass.

Black and White.

Four white men were killed and two were severely wounded by negroes on election day at Marion Station, Miss. The negroes opened fire on the whites at the polls while the election was going on. The whites returned the fire, but none of the negroes suffered. One of the men killed was A. T. Harvey, Democratic candidate for county assessor. The sheriff with a posse found about one hundred negroes barricaded in the dwelling-house of their leader, E. Vance. The posse were fired upon by the negroes as they approached the house. Another body of armed men went from Meridian to the scene of the disturbance to assist the sheriff.

The sheriff's posse, consisting of about one hundred men, surrounded the house of Ed. Vance to capture the instigators and perpetrators of the murder at Marion Station. A demand for their surrender was refused. John Vance, aged 22, son of Ed. Vance, rode up and pointed a gun at the posse. He was shot and killed. A. G. Warren, of the posse, was killed instantly by a shot fired from the inside of the house. Ed. Vance and the negroes escaped. Several negroes escaping were shot at and wounded. Will Vance, aged 30, a son of Ed. Vance, was captured and lodged in jail. The sheriff received a slight wound from a spent bullet and Hardin Jones, of the posse, was also slightly wounded. Vance and the negroes fought desperately all day from the inside of the house, thus having all the advantage and making it difficult to capture them. The following are the names of those killed at the polls: A. T. Harvey, Joseph Barrett and Jeff Segars; Vince Segars mortally wounded and James Hodges and Levi Moore wounded—the former seriously and the latter slightly.

Great excitement prevailed and the negroes made themselves scarce, fearing a repetition of the scenes which marked the draft riots in New York city in 1863.

Little but Plucky.

Little "Spring-Heel Dick" Goodwin, of Cincinnati, has had an adventurous sort of a time for several days past. A few nights ago he was stopped by a footpad, and in putting a head on the fellow—which he did with a vengeance—he sprained his left hand. Thursday afternoon he was attracted by a large crowd in a Vine street saloon, and entering, he learned that an alleged mad dog had possession of the rooms above. Though the room was full of men—including a blue-coated officer with a revolver—not one of them dared venture a step toward the capture of the brute. Without a thought of the consequences, upon hearing that there were children in some of the rooms near the dog, the little pugilist rushed up stairs. Not a soul followed him, and alone he faced a Newfoundland dog who was evidently in great pain. Dick made a grab at the dog's throat with the one hand he could use, but not before the canine had slit his palm, and left the bloody marks of his teeth upon several of his fingers. Choking the brute as best he could, he called for a rope, but it was some minutes before any of the crowd below blucked up courage enough to lend assistance even then. The dog was finally chained, his

jaws bound up, and then shot by the policeman through the neck. This did not settle him, and the job was completed by another, who almost severed his head with an axe. Dick's wounds were dressed by Dr. Quinn, who was of the opinion that the dog had been poisoned. The doctor expects no serious results though Dick will carry a pair of sore hands for some weeks to come.

Routed by a Cow.

San Diego, Cal., has a national guard composed of a company of seventy-one pretty young girls of susceptible age, and when they parade the boys turn out lively. Of course the girls are as brave as they are modest, and when one young fellow intimated that the girls could not fight for a cent, he was promptly thrashed by the captain's big brother. The young fellow did not like the thumping he had received, but inasmuch as there were a number of other girls in the company who had big brothers, he concluded to say no more about the girls' bravery. But though his mouth was effectively shut, his desire for revenge was in no wise abated, and he resolved to wreak vengeance on the girls. Orders were soon issued for a street parade and the wicked young man heard it. Straightway he laid his plans to rout the company and spoil the parade. Did he get dynamite? Oh, no, this wicked young man had a big red cow, and he knew that the girls did not like cows. When the girls came down the main street, company front, with heads erect and bayonets glistening in the sunlight, the wicked young man drove his cow into the street. Hitting it a whack he started the cow on the run toward the company. The girls saw the cow coming, and they did not wait for an order to break ranks. They just dropped their guns and scampered off, at a gallop that would eclipse the best record of Maud S, while the wicked young man stood on the sidewalk and yelled with delight.

Stabbed by a Jealous Actress.

A Russian theatre not long since was the scene of a real drama which deserves a place among the serious accidents of the stage. The two leading actresses were Frenchwomen who had come to St. Petersburg together as friends. They had occupied the same house, and lived on terms of the warmest intimacy for some time. Then a young swell, who had enrolled himself among the admirers of one of them, began to pay court to the other. The consequence was a jealousy which finally led to a separation of the whilom friends.

They remained members of the same company, however, and their jealousies found vent about the theatre. One night after a dinner washed down with much champagne, the jilted actress became very violent, and attempted to assault her rival in her dressing-room. She was prevented, and went off threatening vengeance. The course of the piece brought them together in an impassioned scene, in the conclusion of which the one had to warn the other off with a dagger. Heated with wine, her jealousy inflamed by the presence of her faithless lover in a stage box, the jilted artist lost control of herself, and instead of a warning, dealt her rival a stab. The wounded woman fell bleeding to the stage. Fortunately she was not fatally hurt, and her assailant escaped with an authoritative order to leave Russia, and stay away.

Squeezing a Nuisance.

The actors and managers at New York city theatres, like those of Paris, are annoyed by old sinners who imagine themselves irresistible. Recently one of these would-be mashers made himself conspicuous at a rehearsal by stumbling over the stage and getting in everybody's way. The supes cursed him and the stage carpenter called down anathemas on his aged head, but the old fellow was indifferent, for he was basking in the smiles of a well-known soubrette and was happy. Finally he posed in the center of the stage just as an "interior" was to be set. The scene shifters saw he was in a good position to be squeezed and they quietly shoved the scenes together. The lover, intent on his innamorata, discovered his predicament only when caught, but the scene-shifters were deaf to his cries, and he was held a prisoner. He was only released on swearing never again to poke his nose inside the stage door, and furnishing enough to treat the boys. When at last he was free, he made hasty tracks for the exit, and was heard to mutter as he went out that he'd be d-d if he wanted to be squeezed again, even by his charming soubrette.

The Wife Objected.

A lively sensation closed the performance at the Nebraska City opera house, Neb., the other evening. A man with more women than sense, named Wymond, was acting the gallant to Clara Pierce when Mrs. Wymond suddenly rushed upon them in pugilistic style, but before any great damage was done Clara pulled her little gun and blazed away. This rather staggered Mrs. Wymond, but she pluckily stuck to her work and the fair Clara would have had to lay up for repairs had not Wymond jumped between them and separated

the combatants. Wymond was the only one seriously hurt, he having received Clara's bullet in his elbow.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.**Joseph Jefferson.**

Coming of an old theatrical family, Joseph Jefferson became an actor before he could talk. He was born in 1829, in Philadelphia, and about 1831 made his debut as Cora's boy in Pizarro, a part, by-the-bye, in which not a few artists who graduated to eminence first came before the public.

Mr. Jefferson's father was a comedian of rare powers, and his grandfather and great-grandfather had won fame upon the stage, the latter as a contemporary of and actor with David Garrick. The genius of these forefathers descended to their offspring.

For many years Mr. Jefferson ranked as one of the most versatile and popular comedians on the English-speaking stage. He played throughout the country in that round of historic roles the comedians of the past have made famous. The old comedies and farces in his hands achieved a success which renewed their lease of existence on the boards.

In 1865 Mr. Jefferson was in London. There he appeared first in a dramatic version of Washington Irving's jolly and pathetic legend of Rip Van Winkle, prepared for him by Mr. Boucicault. From the initial performance the triumph of the new piece was assured.

For many years Mr. Jefferson remained identified with Rip Van Winkle and there are few theatre-goers who have not wept and laughed with him in that part. During the last couple of seasons, though, he has been induced to return to his old line of legitimate comedy, and the play-goer has an opportunity for the first time in a long while now of forming a just idea of the great powers of this monarch of American comedians.

Clara Morris.

The life of an actress has been the subject of numberless romances. The hard reality of such an existence is told in the terms of truth no romance can equal in interest in the story of Clara Morris.

From the bottom of the ladder to the summit the career of this splendid actress has been a continuous triumph of hard work, intrepid energy and inborn genius.

Clara Morris went upon the stage as a ballet girl in Cincinnati. She fought a fight with adversity, the strongest men would almost have fallen under. Out of the bleak and bitter experience of poverty and sorrow she rose upon the surface of the dramatic tide, an actress who honors her craft and nation, but an invalid, broken in everything but spirit by the ordeal she had passed through.

Eminent critics have justly accorded Clara Morris the palm as the greatest emotional actress of the age. Her powers are terrific in their force. Her passions of love, resentment and despair wring tears from the hearts of men inured to trouble and wet the eyes of the cynics who turn out on the first nights of the metropolitan theatres.

As a finished artist Clara Morris is inferior to Sarah Bernhardt. The fine perfection and polish of the French school of acting have not become a part of her art. On the stage she is a woman. The audiences which studied Bernhardt with dry eyes and calmly criticised the appositeness of her business in her most pathetic passages forget, in looking at Clara Morris, that they are looking at an actress at all.

MICHAEL DONAHUE, COLLAR-AND-ELBOW WRESTLER.**[With Portrait.]**

In this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we publish the picture of Michael Donahue, the champion light-weight collar-and-elbow wrestler of America. Donahue stands five feet six inches in height and in condition weighs 135 pounds. Donahue first became known to the public by making a match with Joe Ryan, better known as "Wrestling Joe." The match was to be wrestled in this city, October 19, 1879, but Ryan's backers, unknown to Donahue, withdrew their money, and the match fell through. He was challenged by several parties but they all ended in a similar manner until John, alias "Sugar" Murphy, pitted an "unknown" against him. The unknown was John Grady, but when he went to scale, the day of wrestling, he was above the average weight, 135 pounds, and John Balac was taken in his place; they wrestled at Temperance Hall, 78 Varick street, this city, on February 2d, 1880, for \$200 a side. Donahue winning the first and second falls and match, the last fall breaking his collar bone. He was then matched against Nat. E. Hutchings, of Marlboro, Mass., for \$300 a side and the light-weight championship of America and belt. It was decided at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, Mass., May 31, 1880. He won the match by throwing him twice in succession after a very stubborn contest. He created no little excitement by throwing S. Carroll, of Hoosick Falls, for a purse of \$100 on Monday, July 26, 1880, having wrestled over one hour and thirty-six minutes.

Vermont was the next place heard from in the person of W. H. Soule, who is one of the

squarrest men in his business. The match was decided at Clarendon Hall, this city, Oct. 18, 1880, for \$200 a side. Soule won the first fall by a splendid side throw and was in the next bout thrown by Donahue by a hip-lock and in the fall broke his arm so severely that Soule gave Donahue the match.

There being no more in New York that would wrestle him at his weight he traveled as far as Boston, when Maurice Tracey, of Boston, was his victim, throwing Tracey twice in about twenty-nine minutes, March 29, 1881, stakes being \$200 a side. His last match was with John H. Taylor, of New Hampshire. It took place at Smyth's Opera House, April 26, 1881, and was for a purse of \$550. He threw Donahue after a very hard struggle, but we understand Donahue received the largest part of the chicken for losing. The pecuniary ways of the young blacksmith are that he always puts up his own money and stays strictly at his business when in training for a match.

Donahue recently posted a deposit of \$50 with the POLICE GAZETTE and challenged any man in America to wrestle collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for the light-weight championship, but no one accepted the challenge and the fifty dollars was returned.

BLACKMAILING JAY GOULD.**[With Portrait.]**

Inspector Byrnes of New York city has just frustrated one of the most extraordinary schemes of blackmail ever recorded in the annals of crime. It appears that on the 17th of last October the editor of the Wall Street News received a letter inclosing another letter directed to Jay Gould. The second missive, which was duly handed to the latter, was written in a round, clear, business-like hand, contrasting somewhat strangely with its defective orthography, or rather its want of punctuation. In it the writer, who signed himself "An Old Victim," informed the millionaire that he had been commissioned by the Lord to kill the dealer in stocks and that he would execute the commission in six days.

Mr. Gould immediately gave the letter to his business colleague, Mr. Washington E. Connor, who in his turn sent for Inspector Byrnes, chief of the city Detective Department. The Inspector, after reading it through, expressed the opinion that the writer's object was blackmail. He promised to do his best in the matter, but gave little hope of the criminal's speedy arrest.

Several days passed and then the following appeared in the personal column of the Herald:

"If the person who sent an anonymous communication signed 'Victim' to a prominent Wall street operator, complaining of his losses in stocks, will call at his office or state where an interview can be had everything will be arranged to his satisfaction."

Correspondence was maintained with the criminal through the Herald's personal column, but without result. Finally, on Nov. 13, the Inspector, with the aid of fifty-six letter carriers and fifty-six detectives, succeeded in capturing the "Victim." The fellow was taken to Police Headquarters, where he gave his name as Col. J. Howard Welles, of 365 Fifth avenue. He seemed to be greatly depressed by his capture and when informed later that Mr. Washington Connor had declared Mr. Gould would positively prosecute the case he gave way to a paroxysm of grief and said he would surely kill himself.

A NAKED FACT.**The Rentz Troupe in a Row and a City in \$100.**

Last Thursday night, just before the West Point train left the car shed at Atlanta, Ga., there was a disgraceful row among some of the members of the Rentz-Stanley company, which ended in the arrest of several of the parties. It appears that Harry Woods and his wife were quarreling in the coach, when another member of the troupe interfered and attempted to adjust matters. This interference was quite objectionable to both Woods and his wife, and a fight between them and the would-be peacemaker was the result.

After several blows were passed other members of the troupe attempted to separate the pugilists and a general row ensued. The racket was quite loud and attracted the attention of the police, who invaded the coach and attempted to arrest the parties, but were met with strong resistance. However, after a free use of the club by Officer White an arrest was made.

The three leading spirits were taken to police headquarters where they gave their names as Wm. Buckley, James W. Roan and W. H. Chase. Against the last two the charge of disorderly conduct and quarreling was entered, and to this charge was added, for the first named, "and resisting an officer."

As the troupe was en route to Columbus, Recorder Glenn consented to give them a hearing at once, and after a careful investigation imposed a fine of \$33.35 upon each of the accused parties. One of the arrested parties, whose real name is said to be Woods, and who originated the difficulty with his wife, quitted the troupe, and they are now in that city. The train was held until the trial was concluded. Atlanta has gained \$100 in cash.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

AN APPRECIATIVE MONKEY, WITH AN EYE FOR FEMALE CHARMS, PAYS AN EARLY MORNING VISIT TO THE ROOM OF A PRETTY GIRL AND CAUSES A PANIC IN THE HOUSE; NEW YORK CITY.



THE CHARGE ON A LIGHT BRIGADE.

AN ENEMY THAT PROMPTLY ROUTED A COMPANY OF FEMALE MILITIA AT SAN DIEGO, CAL., AND CAUSED THE GIRLS TO MAKE FOR HOME ON THE DOUBLE QUICK, WITHOUT WAITING FOR ORDERS.



THE MAGIC HAT.

HOW THE CULINARY OPERATIONS OF SOME PATERSON, N. J., JOKERS COST A SOLID CITIZEN A NEW TIE AND THEMSELVES A SUIT FOR DAMAGES.



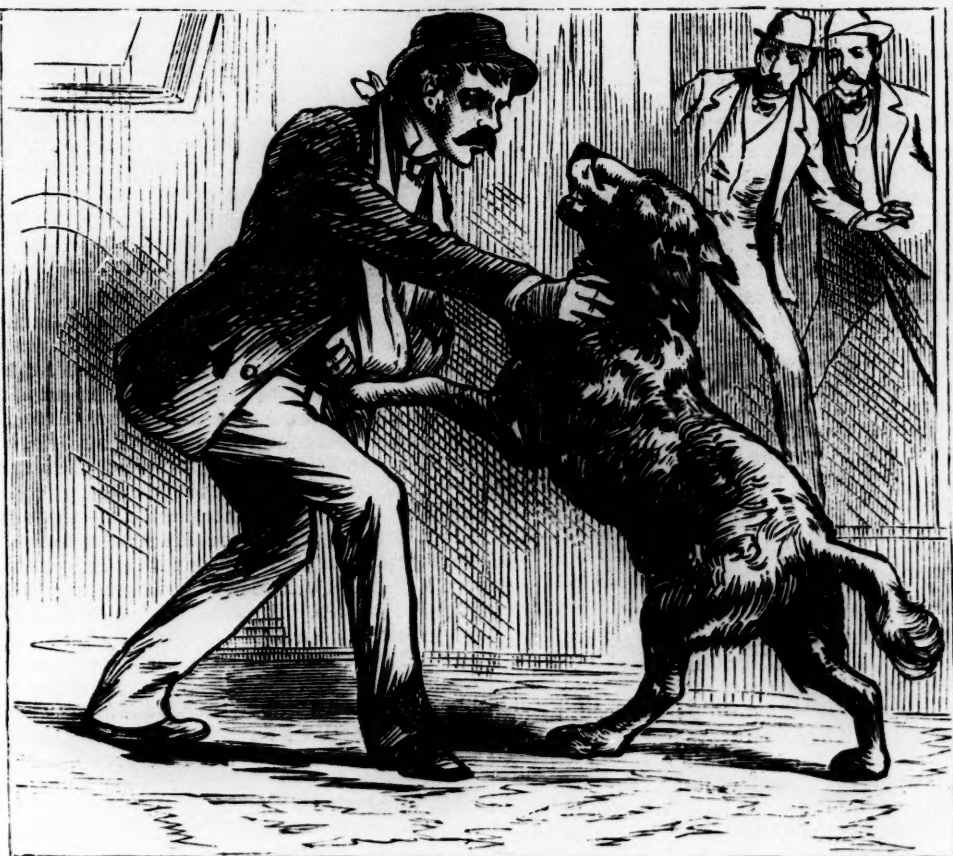
UP THE SPOUT.

THE NOVEL-HIDING PLACE A DAUGHTER, WHO DESPOILED HER FATHER TO SATISFY A BLACK-MAILER, FOUND FOR HER FLUNDER IN N. Y. CITY.



BLACK AND WHITE.

THE NEGROES AT MARION, MISS., EMPHASIZE THEIR RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE BY MURDERING THE ELECTION OFFICERS AND CREATING A SMALL-SIZED RIOT.



A MAN AND DOG FIGHT.

HOW "SPRING-HEEL DICK" TACKLED A RABID CANINE SINGLE-HANDED AND SENT HIM TO KEEP COMPANY WITH POOR OLD TRAY; CINCINNATI, O.



IT WASN'T SANTA CLAUS.

HOW A THIEF STARTLED A YOUNG LADY BY MAKING AN UN CEREMONIOUS VISIT TO HER ROOM BY WAY OF THE CHIMNEY; BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE MAN-TRAPS OF NEW YORK.

WHAT THEY ARE AND WHO WORK THEM

BY A CELEBRATED DETECTIVE.

CHAPTER XL. Continued.

He let his hand fall down to his waist, but the envelope was plainly in sight even then, because the back side of the case behind which he stood was of glass as well as the top, so that a person could see his waist through the two thicknesses of glass. Once, while he was talking, he tossed his hand to the left, and the envelope disappeared; but this was only for the very smallest fraction of a second. The reason that the envelope disappeared at all was only because a part of the back side of the showcase is formed of looking-glass for the better display of the Bohemians' hand work. So that, as one might say, the envelope containing the ten dollar card was not out of sight at all.

"Now," said he, addressing one of the group before him, "you see me put this envelope slowly into the box with the rest. If you draw it out you'll get \$10, and you'll get back the \$5 you pay for the chance. We don't care anything about this. We only do it for an advertisement, any way."

The person addressed said he had only \$3. So the gentleman behind the glass case yawned and said that was all right, only he'd make the prize \$8 instead of \$10. The \$3 was paid and an envelope drawn from the box. The drawer had endeavored to mark with his eye where the gentleman had replaced the envelope in the box, and this seemed to be an easy thing to do, but when the card was taken from the envelope it proved to be a blank. Everybody looked astonished, and even the gentleman behind the glass case had to express his surprise.

"But," said he encouragingly, "you came very close to it. It's right in that neighborhood," and he pulled out an envelope, which, sure enough, contained a card marked \$10, or the fleet of glass ships.

The drawer of the blank turned and walked out of the room without a word.

"What do you charge for a chance among all the envelopes?" asked the reporter, modestly.

"Twenty-five cents," said the gentleman behind the glass case; "but we're trying a special thing just now. You see where I put this \$10 envelope? If you pull it out you win \$10, and get your \$5 back."

As he said this, he put a crisp \$10 note temptingly on the very front edge of the glass case, right under the reporter's nose.

"Put down \$5 on that," said he, "draw out that envelope, and take away both bills."

"Try it," said a little sociable, friendly little gentleman at the reporter's right. The speaker was perhaps the most gentlemanly man in the room. He had displayed a good deal of sympathy for the man who drew the blank, and he was much interested in the proceedings. "Try it," he added; "if I had money enough I'd go in. I saw exactly where he put it this time."

The reporter shook his head.

"Well, draw for fun, then," said the gentleman behind the glass case.

This offer was accepted, and the reporter drew out, as nearly as he could judge, the \$10 envelope. It was taken from his hand unopened and thrown upon the top of the case.

"That isn't the right one," said the friendly gentleman on the reporter's right.

"You keep still," said the gentleman behind the glass case sternly. "You've got nothing to do with this."

But the reporter's friend, braving the consequences, thrust his hand in among the envelopes, pulled one of them out, and laid it on top of the others.

"That's the one," said he, confidently.

The gentleman behind the glass case put on a look of disgust at this action, but only said:

"Well, now, there are two envelopes out; but it doesn't matter—take which you please."

He seemed to be bored with the slow way in which things were going on. He rubbed his beard, and took a look up at the ceiling.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, the reporter's friend, with a quick movement, raised the flap of the envelope on the box with the end of a lead pencil, and thus displayed a large "10." The reporter let his eyes fly wide open, as if a large idea had entered his head through them. His friend winked at him, and he winked at his friend.

"You've got it, dead sure," whispered the latter.

"I'll give you \$2 for a choice of the two envelopes," said the reporter, cautiously.

His friend pinched his arm encouragingly.

"I can't bother with that," said the gentleman behind the glass case, with a wearied look.

"But that's all I've got," said the reporter, frankly.

"Then make up \$5 between you."

The reporter looked inquiringly at his friend, who said that he had only \$1 in his pocket.

"But perhaps my friend here will go in with us," said he, turning toward another gentleman in the group and winking at him. The reporter, seeing his friend's friend hesitate, also winked at him very hard, with both eyes. This seemed to remove his irresolution, and he signified that he would join in the speculation, by counting out \$2 in small change into the hands of his friend. The reporter added \$2, and the friendly little gentleman produced a trade dollar. All this money was laid down on top of the crisp \$10 note, and the reporter selected the envelope that had been drawn out by his friend, and which contained the partly exposed card. This card was quickly taken from the envelope, but there had been an error. It bore the inscription:

TEN CENTS, OR A PEN WIPER.

The reporter's friend was all taken back, and the other gentleman seemed inclined to be angry. The reporter's look of smiling resignation reassured both of them.

"I can only say," said the little gentleman, "that I lost my only dollar on it. I was sure I was right that time."

The gentleman behind the glass case was compelled again to express his surprise, because he had an idea that time that his \$10 was really gone.

"You bear it like a man," said the reporter's friend's friend to the reporter.

"Well, let us get the ten cents we did win," said the latter.

To this the gentleman behind the glass case said that since he had won he was willing to substitute a bottle of wine for the ten cents.

"Very well," said the reporter's friend's friend; "we're all gents together. Let us have the bottle of wine."

Then amid general laughter the gentleman behind the glass case produced a miniature bottle of red liquid scarcely an inch long.

"It's hardly worth while to crack this," said the friendly little gentleman, handing back the bottle; and so the speculation turned out a complete loss.

The reporter then strolled away to have a look at some wax effigies of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. They are very striking as are also the horrors of "Dante's Dream," as seen through glasses set in the side of a wall.

One of the most remarkable attractions of the museum is the "Ghost Mystery," a drama of illusions enacted on a real stage with the aid of a slanting mirror. This alone is worth the price of admission, especially for children under nine years, for whom the price has been reduced to five cents.

Another neat minor skin:

A gentleman while crossing Broadway near the City Hall at dusk was stopped by a shabbily dressed man.

"Do you want to buy a ring?" the man asked.

"I don't mind; let's see it."

"Come down the street here; not to that light, the police might see."

"Well, where's the ring?"

"Here it is—gold—you can see the initials, 'M. W.' engraved on the inside."

The gentleman took the ring and examined it. It was heavy, bore the stamp "18 k," had the initials "M. W." and had every appearance of being genuine. It rang well on the flags.

"Where did you get it?"

"I found it on a ferry boat."

"It is more likely you stole it."

The man made a sullen denial, and then said he would take a dollar and a half for it.

Anticipating an advertisement for the ring in the morning papers, the gentleman offered a dollar. It was grudgingly accepted. While going up town on a car the ring was shown to the conductor.

"You've been swindled," he said; "there's heaps of those rings all around. I hear of people cheated every day by them."

The gentleman stepped into a drug store and asked to have the ring tested with sulphuric acid. When the druggist saw the ring he said:

"It is a fraud. This is about the hundredth ring of the same sort that has been brought here the past week. They are very thickly plated with gold, and filled with a heavy composition."

Then he scraped off the plating and applied the acid. There was a bright green spot. The ring was worth but a few cents.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Hush Money; or, the Murder in the Air," commences in No. 219. Don't miss it.

A STUDENT at the University of Catania, upon learning that he had been "plucked" in a recent examination, promptly drew a revolver and discharged it at the professor who had "plucked" him.

HUMAN ODDITIES.

A MUSKOGON policeman stopped a Langsing militiaman from "whistling an obscene tune."

A MAN was made in an instant bald-headed forever, in Mobile, by the explosion of a fire-cracker in his hat. It was the work of his playful son.

A BERLIN newspaper has been heavily fined for an advertisement in which a wealthy bachelor solicited the "acquaintance and traveling society of any pretty woman not previously engaged."

At Grayson, Ky., a shooting match took place between a party of mountaineers under arrest and their guards. Allfay, a moonshiner, was shot in the side; Foster, a witness, got hit in the arm, and Stamper, a guard, was perforated in the abdomen.

A NEWLY married couple had put up at a hotel in Big Rapids, Michigan, the other day, when a man by the name of Spease came in and offered to shoot the woman who, as he claimed, had promised to marry him and then went off and married the other man.

WHILE two young men, sons of W. Haynes, of Unadilla, N. Y., were at work in a cider-mill, one of them in whittling a plug accidentally cut his brother in the leg, severing an artery. Medical attendance was summoned as soon as possible, but the young man died from the loss of blood the following day.

MARTIN CURE, an old resident of Rome, Lenawee county, died last week. He gave directions during life that no funeral services be held, and said "he wanted no preacher cating around over his dead body." He was a man of good intelligence, and his request was complied with. He was confined and buried without any ceremony.

A YOUNG man named Luce Denny was very seriously hurt while standing in front of one of the pens of hogs at the fair grounds at Waynesburg, Pa. A large black boar was being put in the pen, when he became unmanageable, and, turning round, bit Denny about the knees, severing one of the leaders. It is feared amputation will be necessary.

FOR more than a year a Mrs. Thorn, of Canisteo, N. Y., has been unable to speak above a whisper. She became incensed at seeing her husband, who is a professed temperance man, standing at the bar of a saloon, tipping a glass of beer, and, believing that he was getting drunk, she rushed at him, screaming at the top of her voice. She has now full control of it.

WM. BROWN, a colored man of Richmond, Va., is mourning for his daughter, Mary Saunders, who ran away from home a few days ago. He inserted an advertisement in a Richmond newspaper offering \$5 reward for the apprehension of the girl, and gave this remarkable description of the runaway: "The girl is of a dark ginger-bread color, about twelve years old, with a bushy head of hair and full eyebrows."

MISS BENSON learned that Randall, who was wooing her at Mount Vernon, Ohio, already had a wife. She waited until he made a formal proposal of marriage, and then applied to a justice for his arrest on a charge of bigamy. Being told that the crime of bigamy required a double marriage, she kept her secret, let the engagement result in a wedding, and then triumphantly sent him to jail immediately after the ceremony.

SUNDAY evening's service at the Methodist church in Richmond Hill, Canada, was brought to a sudden termination by the breaking of a chain attached to the gas apparatus. The lights went out, a blood-curdling rumbling was produced by the falling weight, and the entire congregation felt panicky for some moments. After the usual amount of shrieking and pell-mell rushing for the doors and windows, the mystery was explained. The chief loss by the accident was the collection which had not been taken.

A GENTLEMAN from Elbert county, Ga., and a lady of Franklin had agreed to become one. The license was procured, the minister present, and the twain stood on the floor ready to join hands matrimonially, when a former flame of the lady stepped in and asked the groom expectant if the lady would prefer to marry him would he interpose any objections. He answered favorably, so did the lady, and the ceremony proceeded with a new groom substituted. The Elbert man is still a bachelor.

A PIKE COUNTY, Ala., negro stole a hat; a bridle from a near neighbor's next stuck to his hands; going further, a mule's head became fastened in the bridle; proceeding on his journey, a stable furnished harness for the animal, and a few miles further on a farmer's spring wagon had joined the caravan; then some one else's bale of cotton that wouldn't get out of his way was transferred to the wagon, and the procession arrived at Union Springs, where the police jailed the manager as he was bargaining to get rid of his booty. He resisted and cut one of the policemen's throat.

A BROTHER and sister, aged 15 and 17, went for the first time to a circus in Little Rock,

and were so dazed by the glories of the show that they resolved to go off with it. The girl put on male attire, and in that garb introduced herself and brother to the circus managers as twins. They could sing fairly, were a remarkably handsome pair, and the manager hired them at two dollars a week and expenses to perform in the concerts after the regular ring exhibitions. On reaching New Orleans they had seen all they desired of circus life, and were glad to be sent back by a benevolent clown to their anxious parents.

DAVID JONES is a miner at Pottsville shafts. He owns a watch which he prizes more now than he did a week ago. The other day it slipped out of his breast pocket while at work, and went down the chute with the coal. It was shoveled into a wagon, taken down a plane 135 yards long. Arriving at the foot of the shaft, it was reloaded on the cage, and taken up sixteen hundred feet to the surface. There it was turned into the breaker, through which it passed with several tons of coal. A slate-picker found it. In the meantime Davy discovered his loss, and sent word to the top, and Mark Nagle, the telegraph operator, made search for it, arriving at the breaker just in time to see the boy pick it up. On examination it was found that the only damage the watch sustained was a broken hand.

CROMWELL B—was a Quaker captain bringing oil and candles from Nantucket to Philadelphia. The mate, however, was not a Friend. The vessel was lying on Sunday morning at Chestnut street wharf when a large ship came up. The mate of the incoming ship seemed determined to usurp the place of Cromwell B—'s vessel. His quiet remonstrance having no effect, he went to the cabin gangway and called to his first officer, who was below shaving for Sunday. "Mate I think thee'll have to come up here and use some of thy language." The mate soon appeared, half shaved, and poured out a volley of oaths. The officer of the incoming ship said, "I guess we'll have to move; they've got some one else on board besides that d—d old Quaker."

A VERITABLE bird charmer is a little five-year-old child of Mount Blanchard, Montana. The little girl was playing out in the doorway among a bevy of snowbirds, and when she spoke to them they would come and light upon her, twittering with the utmost glee. On taking them in her hands and stroking them, the birds, instead of trying to get away from their fair captor, seemed to be highly pleased, and when let loose would fly away a short distance and immediately return to the child again. She then took several of them into the house to show her mother, who, thinking she might harm them, took the birds and put them out doors; but no sooner was the door opened than the birds flew into the room and lit upon the girl's head and began to chirp.

ABOUT five miles southwest of Paulding, Ill., lives one of the most remarkable hermits known. He is supposed to be an Englishman, although on this point he is not communicative. He is generally known as and answers to the name of "Old Batch," but his name is Samuel Paten. He is 63 years of age and very white-haired and patriarchal in appearance. He has not been shaved nor had his hair trimmed for more than twelve years. Around him are gathered some of the finest specimens of horses and cattle ever seen in any country. Fat, sleek fillies and gentle cows, lazy porkers and tame merinos run to him whenever he emerges from the house, which is simply a few pieces of bark thrown up against a log. There is no resemblance of a house to it, but in this worse than dog-kennel "Old Batch" lives both winter and summer. He is not rude and unlettered, but really a refined and cultured man when he chooses to lay off the rude wrapping which he has thrown about himself. He has traveled extensively, is a fine linguist and conversant with both foreign and domestic politics up to the time of the closing of the war of the Rebellion, since which time he has lived the life of a hermit.

JUDGE E. ST. JULIAN COX, of the Minnesota Supreme Court, must be an exceedingly bad man, or else the formulated charges against him are unnecessarily wordy, for it required nearly five hours to read the document to the Legislature in secret session. The Judge is to be immediately impeached and placed on trial. Drunkenness is the primary trouble with him, and while intoxicated he indulges in such freaks as fining lawyers heavily for contempt, going on sprees with criminals, who are to be tried before him and making a broad farce of justice. Strange scenes have taken place in his court. A lawyer, who had been fined \$1,200 for telling the Judge he was too drunk to understand a legal point, asked blandly if his Honor's unpaid whiskey bills would be received in payment. "Because, if they are," he added, "I can raise the fine for about ten dollars." Another lawyer, disgusted by an absurd decision, remarked that the Court ought to sit when sober at least one day every week in order to revise his drunken rulings of the other five days. Being fined for this language he refused to pay and defied the Judge to commit him to prison. One of Cox's most flagrant acts was to force the acquittal of a handsome and unquestionably guilty woman and afterward to take board in her house.

THEY HAVE TO PAY.

Cincinnati Bloods Sued by a Frail Flower for Wine and Refreshments Furnished.

Quite a little circus was in progress at Squire Powers' office, in Cincinnati, O., last week, the occasion being the suing for the recovery of wine bills of some of Cincinnati's bloods, the parties being Bob Culbertson, Frank Culbertson, Bob Knight, and David Steinles, by Cora Baldwin, the proprietress of a house of ill-shape on George street.

The first case called was that of Steinles, who keeps a saloon at the corner of Front and Butler streets. Miss Baldwin testified that Steinles, in company with a friend, came to her house in a hack one night, and several bottles of wine were drunk, the friend of Steinles paying for all the wine he ordered, but Steinles stood her off, telling her that he had no money, but that he certainly would settle his little bill if she would send it to his place of business, the location of which he gave to the fair but frail Cora. The party, Miss Baldwin claims, drank about eight bottles of wine in her house, and only one of them, that being Steinles, was in a condition to leave, his friend sleeping off the effects of the wine on a sofa in the house. Steinles, was, however, very unsteady on his pins, and it was with difficulty that he reached the hack. Miss Baldwin said she had repeatedly sent the bill to Steinles, but no attention had been paid to it.

Mr. Steinles was then placed on the stand and testified as follows:

"Were you at Miss Baldwin's on a certain night, and did you buy wine there?"

"Yes; I went to her house with a friend, and we bought two bottles of wine. I ordered one and paid for it, and my friend also ordered one bottle, which was paid for."

"Did you order five or six bottles?"

"No."

"Did you owe her any money?"

"No."

"Was any demand made on you for money before leaving the house?"

"No. I stayed an hour or two, and no such demand was made."

Miss Baldwin at this point arose to her feet and said she didn't see why she should sue for \$15 for a wine bill unless the amount was due her, as she didn't know as she was particularly in need of money, and asked Steinles if he didn't remember he began to quarrel with her when she asked for the money, and that he told her he had no money with him, but would certainly pay.

Stephen Mulcare, the driver of the hack which took the party out that night, was called, and testified as follows:

"Do you know Mr. Steinles?"

"Yes."

"Do you know this lady?"

"Yes, when I see her."

"Do you remember taking the two gentlemen to her house of entertainment?"

"Yes. I was also invited in, and two bottles of wine were ordered and paid for."

Miss Baldwin, excitedly—"Do you mean to say you were in my parlor?"

"Yes."

Miss Baldwin—"Was the wine paid for that was ordered by Steinles?"

"Yes; he gave you \$5 for the bottle he ordered."

Miss Baldwin, still more excitedly—"Do you mean to say you were in my parlor?"

"Yes, certainly."

"You know you were not in my parlor. I don't allow hack-drivers in my parlor, and if you say so you are telling a lie. You know two bottles were ordered at one time by Steinles' friend, and \$10 paid for them. It was not until after the fifth bottle was drunk that Steinles ordered one. It is a very singular thing you don't know the wine was not paid for when we were quarreling in the hall about the money."

Squire Powers gave a verdict for \$15, the full amount of her bill. The cases of the Messrs. Culbertson and Mr. Knight were continued, at their request.

The little bills owed by the above boys are as follows, as claimed by Miss Baldwin: Bob Culbertson, \$50; Frank Culbertson, \$125; Bob Knight, \$60.

All these young men reside on West Sixth street, in the fashionable quarter. Knight is the son of the English Consul at this point, and the well-known insurance agent. Miss Baldwin says she has made repeated demands for the money, but the young gentlemen have shown no disposition to walk up to the Captain's office and settle. Frank Culbertson's bill has been contracted within the last three or four months, while those of the other gentlemen have been standing for two years and over.

UNCLE SAM'S GRIP

Causes a Newly-Made Bride to Pine for Her Husband's Society.

Eight months ago a young man named Bolt, a resident of this city, enjoying a comfortable income and possessing fair prospects, became piqued at a young lady's rejection of his hand and enlisted on board the United States steamer "Ranger" for three years as an ordinary seaman, previous experience enabling him to pass without difficulty. His faithfulness to duty and ability as a sailor

made him a general favorite with the officers and in a short time he was promoted to the rank of quarter-master. Not long after his rise he received by some means news that his lady love had not intended to reject him and that he occupied a place in her affections to the exclusion of all others. The news caused conflicting emotions in his breast, the feeling that three years must elapse before he could claim the idol of his affections being uppermost, and from that time the life in which he had sought to bury his disappointment at his rejection became distasteful and repugnant. Two months ago, when the "Ranger" was lying out in the stream, Bolt obtained a brief furlough and attiring himself in citizen's clothes visited the young lady to whom he accounted for his long absence by stating that he had been on a business trip to the interior. The sight of all he had lost by his foolhardiness overcame the young sailor's sense of duty and he repeated his proposal. It was promptly accepted and reckless of consequences Bolt urged a speedy marriage, giving up all idea of returning to his ship. A fortnight sufficed for the bride's preparation and Bolt, being well supplied with money from a deposit of \$2,500 in the Hibernia Bank, the nuptials were celebrated without further delay. The honeymoon over, the young husband began to look about him for some means of support and had nearly completed arrangements for the purchase of a Fourth street saloon when in an unlucky moment he stumbled across Officers Anthony and Flanders, the latter of whom recognized him from the published description given by Captain Phillips, and arrested him last Wednesday as a deserter. Bolt begged piteously for release and finally offered the officer a heavy bribe for his liberty. On its being refused he asked for a pistol and even offered resistance, declaring that he would rather die than leave his wife. On Thursday he was delivered to Captain Phillips on board the "Ranger," and by this time is doubtless back in his old berth. The punishment for desertion is discretionary with the officers of the ship, and may range from an indefinite period of imprisonment to mere forfeiture of pay due. In Bolt's case the penalty will probably be light, owing to the hardship of his case and his previous good character.

"LITTLE MOSES."

A Romance of Real Life on the Pacific Slope.

Not the least noticeable of the actors at the Authors' Carnival in San Francisco was "Little Moses," whose infantile charms were night after night revealed to the visitors at the Pavilion. The representative of the historic waif of the Nile was eminently fitted to play the part, for the little actor was also a foundling. The prominent youngster had, only a week before the opening of the Carnival, been born in a lying-in hospital. The baby was a girl, and her then brief history was but a repetition of the old, old story—a pretty servant-girl and a conscienceless master, and then the half-concealed disgrace of a sojourn in the hospital. Rumor at the Carnival had it that the father of the latter-day Moses was a prominent physician, and, whether true or not, the already heavily handicapped professor was saddled with the responsibility. The rumor gained credence and the unfortunate mother gained friends. A situation as wet-nurse in a San Jose family was found for her, and the baby was left with a family on Market street, the formality of christening her having first been observed. Olge was the name bestowed on the personator of the great law-giver, a piece of nomenclature which would seem to indicate that the pink and yellow covered literature of the present had more influence than the Scriptures over the christening. Little Olge received much better care than falls to the lot of the average youngster who enters on the world's stage through the doors of a foundling hospital. The mother visited the baby regularly, and, in the blissful language of a great writer on such subjects, always left her darling "with the kiss there is no mistaking." Meanwhile fate led a rising young business man of Santa Barbara to San Jose, where he met the young, if not happy, mother, into whose cheeks the roses had returned. The young man was, unfortunately for himself, susceptible, dangerously and hopelessly exposed to the arrows of Cupid. He fell in love with the nursemaid, and offered to marry her, but she refused. Innate sense of honor, or conscience which makes cowards of us all, whispered to her and she put the unfortunate lover off. He persisted with the blindness of unrequited love, but she was obdurate. Not daring to tell the secret of her past life, she refused him until the fact stared him too plainly in the face that he could not marry her. Then he turned away, swearing in his desperation that life had lost all interest for him. He was strangely sincere in the avowal, for three days after the newspapers told in the brevity of a telegraphic dispatch from Santa Barbara that the rejected lover was dead. The reckless suitor had killed himself, and completed the sacrifice by leaving his worldly possessions to the woman for whom he died. She is now above want, and as she sits by her own fireside the shadows that have darkened her life are lifted by the joy of holding her own baby on her knee.

CASHIER BALDWIN'S ASSOCIATE

An Ex-Clerk Who is Charged With Taking \$50,000 From Newark's Bursted Bank.

It was first made public last week that an embezzlement of nearly \$50,000 occurred in the Mechanics' National Bank of Newark about two years ago, the guilty man being the corresponding clerk. On Thursday night United States Marshal Burt appeared at the home of Henry B. Marchbank, in Belleville, N. J., and arrested him on the charge of having committed the crime while acting as corresponding clerk for the bank. Marchbank remained at his house all night in the custody of the Marshal and the next morning was taken before United States Commissioner William Patterson at Newark. He declined an examination and asked to be held to bail to appear before the United States Court at Trenton. Bail was first fixed at \$10,000, but counsel for Marchbank procured a reduction of the bail to \$5,000.

The embezzlement was discovered by the examiner in the course of the investigation, and Cashier Baldwin being questioned admitted that Marchbank had taken nearly \$50,000 and was dismissed from the bank. Baldwin said the clerk handled the drafts and had opportunities to steal. In consequence of this information Assistant Receiver Price and United States District Attorney Keasbey appeared before the United States Commissioner and made affidavit charging Marchbank with having within three years past, while employed as clerk, made false entries in the books of the bank. The assistant receiver's affidavit recites the information furnished by the cashier, and charges Marchbank with a misappropriation of over \$50,000. The method with which Marchbank was enabled to misappropriate the funds of the bank, as stated by Mr. Price, was by keeping a private account in the State Banking Company, which used the Mechanics' Bank as a bank of deposit.

An old citizen of Belleville who is well acquainted with Marchbank said that he owned property there and was looked upon as prosperous. The accused man has a wife and children. He is at present engaged with the Dynamo-Electro Machine Company. Recently he was a candidate for nomination to the Assembly from his district, having previously been elected as a Freeholder. When the bank failed he withdrew his name, saying that as he happened to be a friend of the cashier it might injure him and the ticket.

HE LOVETH NOT

His Mother-in-Law, and Sueth the Old Man and His Darling.

A decidedly odd bit of romance concerning the sundering of two young hearts has been brought out by a divorce suit now pending in the courts in Philadelphia, Pa., caused by the institution of a libel by the young husband against the parents of the wife. In the summer of 1877, when handsome young Will Neil, grandson of Dr. H. T. Hembold, became engaged to Miss Clara L. Romberger, only daughter of the wealthy retired dry goods merchant, Balser W. Romberger, they were the observed of the observers in the fashionable festivities at Cape May. A petite and pretty blonde, with a stylish taste for dress and indulgent parents, she naturally was a striking figure. The story goes that Mr. and Mrs. Romberger did not seem to mind the courtship, but as soon as they learned that the young man really meant matrimony they seriously objected and made arrangements to send their daughter away. Mr. Neil and Miss Romberger were immediately married secretly and did not make it known until the parents were on the eve of sending the young lady to Mississippi, where Mr. Romberger owns cotton plantations. The principal objection at that time was that his means did not justify his taking the young lady from a house where she enjoyed every comfort. Afterwards the objection was urged that there was insanity in his family, his mother's father having been temporarily deranged. The young married pair went to live at Chestnut Hill, but afterwards, at their earnest solicitation, went to board with the lady's parents. They lived together for two years, until June, 1879, when Mr. and Mrs. Romberger persuaded Mr. Neil to let his wife and little daughter go away with them to spend the summer. Some time before Mr. Neil had found his position in the household unpleasant and, as he epitomized the situation to a friend, "It was a very bad case of mother-in-law." He was quite ignored, he says, and made to cut an insignificant figure before his wife. His salary as salesman in Theodore E. Kreimer's notion house was sufficient, he avers, to support himself and wife in comfort. Since then he has become connected with the Bellevue Hotel. The letters from his wife grew colder and when the family returned he found her entirely estranged. Hence, through Benjamin Harris Brewster, his lawyer, he has applied for divorce on the ground of desertion, and in the libel filed he asserts that undue influence was exerted by the parents to turn away his wife's affection.

AFTER FIVE YEARS

A Young German Sends His Foe and Himself to Heaven.

A horrible tragedy took place fourteen miles

east of Palmer, Kan., last Sunday evening, and startled the peaceable community. The facts are as follows:

Some six years ago a young German named Fred Nepnaw was keeping company with a young German woman named Meinecke, and after a year of courting offered his name and heart, but was coldly refused. He kept on pressing his suit, until the young lady's brothers, Henry, Bill, and Conrad Meinecke, interfered, which resulted in a general fight, during which Nepnaw was badly wounded by a pistol shot fired by Conrad Meinecke, and was crippled for life. Finally the unfortunate suitor left the country, but swore deadly revenge against the family that had so cruelly abused him.

Nothing more was heard from him until a stranger, well dressed and mounted on a mustang, rode up last Sunday evening to the house of Conrad Meinecke, and upon being informed that he was absent, left without telling his business, and repaired to the house of Bill Meinecke, who fortunately was also absent. The stranger then inquired where he could find Henry, and was told that he was in church. Without further inquiries he rode up to the church ground and patiently waited until the congregation came out, then followed Henry to a house near by, where he had been invited to dinner. Meinecke had his young wife and baby with him, and was playing with the latter when the stranger made his appearance in the yard, dismounted, tied his pony to a tree and walked up to the porch. Henry stepped out on the porch, and without a word was shot twice in the head and died instantly. Then the stranger, putting the revolver to his temple, shot himself and fell across his victim. He lived about three hours and died without speaking a word.

The other two brothers came soon after and identified the stranger as being Fred. Nepnaw, the very man they shot five years ago.

Strange to say, he killed the man who had done him the least harm.

TRAIN ROBBERS.

A Youth Who Did Not have an Adventure as a Road Agent.

It was night.

Night in Arkansas.

It was night in several other states as well, but Arkansas is the one with which we have to deal at this writing.

It being our turn to deal.

A lightning express was booming along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Every car was full, many standing in the aisles with that meekness and patience only seen on American railroads, to accommodate the fellow who wants four seats all to himself.

The lamps blazed fitfully over the passengers' dusters, which seemed to fit fully as well as traveling dusters usually do.

The conductor had passed through (which was more than he would allow anyone else to do without the requisite pass) punching people into wakefulness in order that he might punch their tickets.

The train boy filled the passengers' laps with books, to keep them from bouncing in their seats while going over rough places.

The brakeman had put his head in and shouted, "The next stopping place is —," the name of the station being lost in the slamming of the door.

The boy who is always dry had made his fifty-second pilgrimage to the water tank.

And the woman who wants air has just torn off her last remaining finger nail in trying to get her window up.

This was on a railroad in the State of Arkansas.

Suddenly the car door opens.

A youthful figure appears, holding something in his hand upon which the light glitters. He presents it in a significant manner and cries:

"Now, gentlemen, your money—"

Fifty men turn pale and cry, "Don't shoot!"

Twenty females scream with one voice, and some faint.

There is a hasty thrusting of watches and pocketbooks beneath cushions and into boots.

Strong men fight for a place under a seat where they can secrete themselves.

"Gentlemen," again cries the boyish voice, ringing high and clear above the screams of women and din of the train (gasps for mercy from some of the men), "let me sell you some of this excellent tropical fruit," and he extends in his dexter hand—a banana.

It was the train boy, pursuing his useful and harmless vocation.

CHARLES JONES, one of the two miners who discovered the famous group of Robinson mines in Colorado, died while drunk in a Leadville saloon. He then owned a quarter interest in seven mines out of the twelve constituting the Robinson consolidation, from which the late Lieut.-Gov. Robinson made his fortune of over a million. The heirs of Jones live in Vermont and being uninformed of the great value of his estate were induced to accept \$1,200 for an estate really worth \$250,000. A legal contest is to follow.

Herbert M. Thiers.

Herbert M. Thiers, formerly a lawyer at Kenosha, Wis., is wanted at that place for forgeries and embezzlements amounting to over \$61,500. A reward of \$500 is offered for his arrest and safe delivery to H. G. Blackman, Sheriff of Kenosha county, Wis. Thiers is about five feet seven inches, has dark hair, dark gray or hazel eyes, small scar on right side upper lip, dark skin, a prominent Roman nose, and a decided Jewish countenance.

Robert Neighbors.

Robert Neighbors is a young man who recently figured in a scandal at Tarkio, Atchison county, Mo. In the latter part of October he was arrested on complaint of Miss Mary Cutter and charged with seduction and breach of promise. While eating dinner at a restaurant in charge of an officer he made his escape. He is of medium size, dark complexioned, and has lost the first finger of his right hand. It is supposed that he went to Ohio, where it is said he once lived.

William Roach.

On the night of the 5th of July last, Maude Loader, a little girl 12 years of age, was raped by William Roach, a burly ruffian at No. 237 South Rampart street, New Orleans, La. Roach was arrested and found guilty of assault with attempt to rape, the little girl not testifying to



A WRONGED WIFE ON THE WAR PATH.

THE SCENE NOT DOWN IN THE BILLS OF THE NEBRASKA CITY OPERA HOUSE IN CONSEQUENCE OF WHICH A ROVING HUSBAND CARRIES A BULLET IN HIS ELBOW, AND A BURLESQUE BEAUTY IS LOOKING FOR A NEW "MASH."

watch, with gold plated link vest chain with square locket charm, large size, plain black set on one side and imitation cameo on the other, with a woman's head engraved in white. In the locket was his wife's picture. He is a member in good standing of Welcome Lodge No. 16, A. O. U. W., St. Louis. His creditors have attached his property, and detectives are endeavoring to solve the mystery.

Hubby Came Home too Soon.

The other night the domestic felicity of a happy home in the Twenty-fourth ward, Pittsburg, Pa., was suddenly broken up by a faithless wife. Persons who live in the vicinity where the once happy pair lived were awakened from their slumber the other night by the frantic screams of a woman. Rushing to doors and windows, they were astonished to see a female figure standing in the door *endishable*, wringing her hands, and crying. Disappearing in the darkness down the street they saw a man scantily dressed pursued by another man, but the flying figures soon passed from the view of the astonished neighbors. The pursuer and pursued sped on at a break-neck pace until the man in front reached a barber shop which was open, and into which he darted. The hind man rushed in after him and proceeded to



WILLIAM J. ROACH,

CONVICTED AT NEW ORLEANS, LA., OF ASSAULT WITH INTENT TO COMMIT RAPE.



J. HOWARD WELLES,

ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF ATTEMPTING TO BLACKMAIL JAY GOULD OF NEW YORK CITY.



JAY GOULD,

THE MILLIONAIRE WHOM COL. WELLES TRIED TO BLACKMAIL.



ROBERT NEIGHBORS,

ESCAPED FROM JAIL AT TARKIO, MO., WHERE HE IS WANTED ON CHARGE OF SEDUCTION.

the necessary facts to support a verdict of guilty of rape, Roach was sentenced to two years at hard labor in the State Penitentiary, that being the extreme penalty of the law. He is now serving out his term.

Albert Salice.

Mr. Albert Salice of Versailles, Mo., went to St. Louis two weeks ago and has not been seen since. He had when he left about \$380 in money, part of which was two \$20 gold pieces. He is 31 years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches high, well-built and good-looking, light complexion, light blue eyes, dark brown hair, mustache and goatee. At the time he left he was dressed in a black suit, and had with him in a valise a dark brown coat and vest and light pants. He wore a gold hunting case American lever



A PITTSBURG LOVE CHASE.

THE RESULT OF A CONFIDING HUSBAND COMING HOME AHEAD OF TIME, AND OF A ROMANTIC WIFE NOT BEING SATISFIED WITH HER LEGAL ALLOWANCE OF MAN.

thump him in a very lively and vigorous manner. Some parties interfered and the combatants were separated. The cause of the trouble seems to have been this: A certain married man in that ward came home late on the night above referred to, and found a certain young man in his wife's bed room, occupying the place that properly belonged to the husband. Of course a scene occurred, and hence the flight and flight. A separation at once ensued, and it is said the fickle wife is now an occupant of a house of ill-repute in the city, while the wronged husband with his two young children are domiciled in a boarding-house on the South Side. It is also said that he intends to enter proceedings for a divorce. The scandal has proved a toothsome morsel for the gossips of the neighborhood and is the topic of conversation among them.

Adolph Stein and Wife.

Adolph, alias Anton Stein, jumped into public notice at Iowa City, Iowa, on Nov. 5th, 1881, by killing his wife, cutting the throat of his mother-in-law and then committing suicide. Stein was married in June, 1880, to Lizzie Goerning, of Cedar Rapids, a widow with two little children and property of \$30,000. Stein was a worthless adventurer, a Pole, of good address and education, and at one time connected with the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung*. Last spring he was indicted for selling liquor in Cedar Rapids, and went to Iowa City, where he opened a saloon, which soon became a notoriously bad place. Before going there he had treated his wife badly, and soon became so violent that she was forced to seek the protection of her father



LIZZIE STEIN,

MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND AT IOWA CITY, IOWA, ON NOV. 5, 1881.

which visitors to houses of ill-repute are spirited away on the appearance of the officers. One night recently the spies of the department visited the house on Summit street kept by Kitty Wells, and reported that there were five women besides the proprietress and one man in the house. A close watch was kept and another man was seen to enter. The officers then "pulled" the house, and what was their astonishment to find only two women and one man. High and low the officers hunted, but these three were all that could be found, and they were accordingly taken to the station. The next day the police were informed that the solution of the mysterious disappearance of the other inmates was a trap-door in a room occupied by Kitty Wells. Accordingly another raid was



ADOLPH STEIN,

MURDERED HIS WIFE AND COMMITTED SUICIDE AT IOWA CITY IOWA.

made, the result of which was the discovery of the exit as some of the girls were trying to escape. The carpet was pulled up by one of the police, and the surprise was great when a section of the floor rose with it. Then the mystery was a mystery no longer. The trap led to a large hole scooped out of the earth, about four and a half feet high, and capable of accommodating fifty persons. Into this hole could drop any who wished to escape detection, and it has probably proved available numerous times.

Waking a Hired Girl.

It is dangerous to wake up a hired girl. Samuel Ackley did that at Caldwell, Ohio, and is now suffering for it. Emma Brown worked in Samuel's house, and Samuel



JOSEPH JEFFERSON,

AS RIP VAN WINKLE.

[Photo. by Sarony.]



CLARA MORRIS,

AS CAMILLE.

[Photo. by Sarony.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

Philip Hess, who lives at No. 323 Market street, and began suit for divorce. Stein had no property and had wasted much of his wife's. He is described as having been a man of about medium height, possibly 35 years of age, of good manners and address, extremely well informed, and a valuable agent and correspondent. He was considered a slightly eccentric person in some respects, but his versatility and scholarship put his somewhat peculiar personal opinions in the background, and he was regarded as an exceptionally able and successful agent in the field. He is quoted as a man who was ever ambitious to make a moneyed match, and it is believed that this determination to "marry money," and then control it for developing schemes of his own, was at the root of the unhappy squabbles of which the dreadful tragedy in Iowa City was the melancholy end.

By the Underground Route.

The police of Toledo, O., last week solved what appeared one of the most baffling mysteries to the profession, and the details are given to the public as a sort of expose on the manner in



ON THE WRONG LIMBS.

WHY AN ELOPING SWEETHEART, WHO RELIED ON USING THE WOODSHED FOR A DRESSING-ROOM, DID NOT ELOPE AT PITTSBURGH, PA.



TRAPPED IN A TRAP.

HOW THE LITTLE GAME OF SOME CINCINNATI CYPRIANS WITH AN EYE TO THE BACK DOOR WAS SPOILED BY THE VIGILANT POLICE.

says he heard her making a noise in the night and supposed she had the nightmare. He went into her room and called her, but as she did not answer he laid his hand upon her, when she jumped up in bed and yelled. Emma says he insulted her by whispering in her ear and brushing his whiskers across her face, and being an honest girl she sued him for five thousand dollars damages, her feelings being outraged to that extent. The prosecution cited a case in Wisconsin, where a railway company was made to pay big damages for the act of its conductor in kissing a lady passenger without being invited, and held that Emma's case came under the same rule. The jury also seemed to take that view of it, but they believed that two hundred and fifty dollars was enough to pay for such a treat, and that was the fine they assessed against Mr. Ackley.

A WOMAN at Marietta, Ohio, reading of somebody committing suicide by means of a towel, said that she did not understand how it could be done, but an hour afterwards she was found choked to death in exactly the same manner.

SPORTING NEWS.

Just Out.—Mailed for 30c.

SECRETS OF THE STAGE;

or, Playhouse Mysteries Unveiled. With upwards of fifty superb illustrations and portraits. The cheapest and best work ever published.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

Rowell and Dobler are to run 26 hours at Chicago.

The race for the Liverpool Cup was won by Piramus.

Who is backing Dobler against Rowell? Who holds the stake?

ENNIS' six-day race is to come off in this city during Christmas week.

The trotters St. Julian and Santa Claus are to be wintered in New York.

MACDONALD, the jockey, was thrown in a race and his skull was fractured.

MANY American horses are being entered for next season's great races in England.

PITTSBURG, Penn., is to be represented by a first-class professional club next season.

MR. J. W. MACKAY, the owner of Sweetheart and Eva, is in the city at the Hoffman House.

MISS CRICKET STILL and Miss Nellie, both of Kansas, are to ride horses at Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 22.

PIERRE LORILLARD's Gerald, by Saxon, is booked as one of the favorites for the Derby in 1882.

NEW YORK and Pennsylvania fight a main for \$100 each battle and \$1,000 the old fight, on December 6.

HANLAN and Wallace Ross are going to England, and Trickett will have to follow them if he desires to row Hanlan.

GEORGE ROOKE and W. C. McClellan are training for their \$1,000 glove contest which will be decided in this city on the 25th inst.

THE chestnut gelding, Capt. Emmons, 2:20, by Continental, has been sold by Rufus P. White to Mr. James Fields of New York City.

WM. RABY, of Yorkshire, can be matched to walk any man in the world from one mile up to three hours, £100 or £500 a side at Sheffield.

BUDD DOBLE, acting for Salisbury & Co., has purchased from Brazelton & Kinnison, of San Bernardino, Cal., the stallion Inca, paying \$3,000 for him.

CUMMINGS says he will run any man in America from one to ten miles, and allow them a reasonable start, providing they will put up big money.

THE trotting mare Kate Bennett, recently taken out West by Peter Duray of this city, for \$3,000, died suddenly from pink eye on the night of Nov. 6.

J. C. MCLELLAN, of Chicago, writes that Tommy Chandler completely demoralized and out-fought Capt. James Dalton at the latter's benefit in that city.

AT Australia the Melbourne Cup, run on the 1st inst., was won by Mr. G. McDonnell's black colt Zulu, three years old, a son of Barbarian and Maiden Blush.

AT Wakefield, Mass., recently, A. Maynard, of Medford, in the two hundred yards competition made a score of 105 out of a possible 106—the best on record.

THE rowing season of 1881 was not as brilliant as in 1880, and ended with a great aquatic fizzle, in which Wallace Ross and Edward Hanlan are both to blame.

SEXTON and Schaefer have been matched at cushion-caroms for \$2,500 a side, 600 points up, to play about the middle of December, and to toss for choice of tables.

RECENTLY Alma, the sister of Dexter, was driven against time at the Gentlemen's Driving Park to beat 2:30, and the judges decided that her record was 2:24.4.

JACK O'HAGAN and Patsy Dooley fought for a purse near London, Eng., recently. O'Hagan won after seven rounds had been fiercely contested, both men being severely punished.

AT Pottsville, Pa., on Nov. 24, Thomas Ely, of Wilkesbarre, and James Cox, of the coal region of Durham County, are to shoot at 30 birds, 21 yards rise, 60 yards boundary, for \$500.

GOODWIN's time in the half-mile run at the games of the Harvard Athletic Association, Oct. 23, viz.: two minutes three and three-fourths seconds, is the best college record for the distance.

WINTHROP, Reid, Miller, Keith, Barnes, Mumford, McCook (captain), Seavey, E. D. Marsh, Yocom, Morrow, W. C. Smith and Mitchell are candidates for the Freshman crew of Harvard.

JOE WOOLEY, of Birmingham, Eng., is eager to fight any 105-lb. pugilist in America according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$250 a side, man and money ready at Owney Geoghegan's.

ROBERT WATSON BOYD, the English ex-champion oarsman, who was afraid to row Wallace Ross, Edward Hanlan, Lycock and Trickett when they were in England, now styles himself champion. What next?

FOXHALL's time in the Cesarewitch, 2 miles 2 furlongs 28 yards, was 4:01, against Robert the Devil's 4:19.34 of last year. Foxhall carried 110 pounds, and Robert the Devil 118 pounds. The former won by four lengths.

THE pigeon shooting match in England on Nov. 12th, between Carver, the American rifle shot, and Archer, ended in a draw. Each shot at 21 birds for £100. Carver killed 19 and Archer knocked over the same number.

EDWIN BIBBY, since he made Central Falls, R. I., his residence has found backers. Bibby challenged Muldoon, who holds the Græco-Roman championship, and offers to wager \$1,000 to Muldoon's \$800 that he can defeat him.

MATCHING Dobler against Rowell is like matching a broken-down race-horse against a strong one, and there is no sporting man in America that would back him unless he supposed he could make money by Dobler's share of the gate money.

DR. F. W. CARVER, the American champion marksman, is doing well in London. A well-known sporting man in London informs us that if Bogardus went to England that Carver would be matched against him for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side.

GEORGE L. LORILLARD took his departure for Florida during the past week. He will spend the winter near the old town of St. Augustine. His stable of horses have left the Jay City track at Washington, and gone into winter quarters at the farm near Islip, L. I.

G. L. HILLIER, amateur champion, and G. Satchouse recently rode a double tricycle, over roads, about 70 miles in 10 hours, exclusive of rests, in England. The ride was taken to enable Hillier to get over the stiffness resulting from injuries received by a fall.

CHARLES LLOYD, of Cincinnati, owner of the dog Pilot, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he will match Paddy to fight any dog in America at 28 pounds for \$1,000 a side, Tom Tugman's, of Philadelphia, preferred. Lloyd says he will cover any money posted with the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE Sporting Life, London, says: "We hold articles and \$5 a side for a match between Joseph Acton, champion Lancashire wrestler of Wigan, and Thomas Cannon, champion wrestler, French style, of London, to wrestle the best of five falls for £100 a side, in the French style, in London, on Dec. 3.

THOMAS ELY, of Wilkesbarre, is matched to shoot James Cox, of Dauphin county, the champion ring shot of the coast region, for \$300 a side on Nov. 24, at Pottsville, Pa. Conditions, 30 birds each, 1 oz. shot, 21 yards rise and 60 yards fall, ground trap. Each man changes trap after 15 birds are shot at.

THE benefit tendered to Billy Fields, Harry Hill's "Steel Man," at the Houston street sporting theatre, was a grand success. The pugilists who appeared were Gus Lambert and Billy McMullen, George Taylor and Jim Murray, Gus Hill and Bob Farrel, "Fatty" Rush and Tony Geraty, Kelly and Jerry Murphy.

THE eight-mile walking match between Wm. Raby, of Yorkshire, and Arthur Hancock, of London, for \$500 a side, came off at Little Bridge Grounds, England. Raby won easily, covering the distance in 1h. 1m. 43s. Hancock gave up after walking 5.34 miles. Raby walked the first four miles in 31m. 23.4s.

WE are authorized by Patsy Hogan the noted San Francisco sporting man, to state that Jack Keenan is ready at any time to fight Pete Lawler for \$250 or \$500 a side Queensbury rules. Hogan also requests us to say that he has no confidence in Lawler, and for that reason refuses to put up a purse, but is ready at any time to back Keenan for the amount above stated.

CAPTAIN JAMES DALTON'S, of Chicago, Ill., challenge to fight Wm. C. McClellan or George Rooke, Queensbury rules, for \$500, has not yet been accepted. We still hold Dalton's forfeit of \$50, which proves he means business. Dalton will shortly arrive in New York, and will be accompanied by Dick Holywood.

JIMMY HIGHLAND, the light-weight champion pugilist of England, who died from the effects of the punishment he received in his battle with Jim Carney, was buried at Wilton Cemetery, Birmingham, England. Over 2,000 persons attended the unhappy but great and brave pugilist's funeral. Carney was present.

BOLI, the Pittsburg, Pa., oarsman, who recently defeated Wiesberger, is said to be a wonder. It is claimed that he can row three miles with a turn in 20 minutes 10 seconds and that he can row the 5-mile course at Hulton, Pa., over which nearly all the recent championship races have been rowed, in 35m. 49s.

THE two international yacht races between the Atlanta, the Canadian yacht that was sure to win the American cup, and the Mischief, representing the New York Yacht Club, resulted in two disastrous defeats of the Atlanta. The Gracie, a yacht not in the race, beat both the Atlanta and the Mischief in the first race.

HIRAM BLOIS, the captain of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, writes as follows to the POLICE GAZETTE from Jersey City: "In order to ascertain who is the champion five-mile professional runner of this State I will give among other events a five-mile sweepstakes race, \$25 per man, to be run on Thanksgiving Day on our grounds, corner of Ninth and Erie streets, Jersey City.

AL SMITH offered to match Robert Vint to run and walk six days against Rowell for \$5,000 or \$10,000. Although Vint has beaten Rowell's six-day's record by over 12 miles, the latter refused to arrange a race on the ground "that he only came to America for pleasure." And yet right in the face of his statement Rowell arranges a twenty-six-hour race with John Dobler for an alleged stake of \$2,000!

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN, of the "Old House at Home," 105 Bowery, recently forwarded £50 to Jim Carney, the pugilist who recently fought the late Jimmy Highland for the light weight championship of England. Highland died soon after the battle and Carney was arrested for manslaughter. Owney Geoghegan sent Carney the £50 to help him in his trouble, and agrees to send him more to pay his lawyers.

ADVICES from England state that in the Ascot and Goodwood programmes the American entries greatly exceed those of the season just closed. The fifth great challenge stake at Newmarket contains eight American entries, including Foxhall, Broker, Gerald and Sackem. For the two thousand and one thousand guineas in 1883 Lorillard has four and Keene three entries for the former and in the latter Lorillard has three.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer says: "The Grand Jury of the Circuit Court of Louisville, Ky., indicted the correspondent of the Enquirer and Wm. E. Harding, of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, for reporting the recent Crib-Pilot dog-fight. There were quite a number of other true bills found against parties who were present upon the historical occasion, but the name of John McDermott was the only one that came to the surface except as above.

C. E. LILES won the 50-mile cup and the amateur championship of England. Fourteen started, but none of the contestants finished the distance. Liles rode 42m. in 3h. 1m. 50s. and won the race. The cup was first run for in 1877, when H. Osborne, S. B. C. won; time 3h. 18m. 55s. In the following year A. E. Derkinderen, T. H. B. C. became the holder; time, 3h. 9m. 53s., and in 1879 Osborne was again successful; time, 3h. 4m. 2.5s. Last year, however, C. E. Liles won in 3h. 11m. 47s.

THE great dog fight between the brindle dog Nig, of New York, and Gypsy of Fall River, Mass., was fought recently on Long Island. The match was for \$250 a side. On scaling Gypsy weighed 173.4 pounds and Nig 171.2 pounds. A heavy sum of money was bet even on the dogs. It was a desperate battle, and precisely 55 minutes after the fight began the dogs were parted.

Gypsy lay motionless on the floor, and when her handler lifted her in his arms he found she was dead. Nig was then formally declared the victor.

ADVICES from St. Louis state that Trickett is disgusted because Hanlan will not row a race for the championship of the world, and will return to Australia. Hanlan should not let the tall Australian leave these shores in such a mood, but arrange a race. There is not the least doubt that Hanlan can beat him in this country just as easily as he did in England. If Trickett is allowed to return to Australia he will boast that Hanlan was afraid to meet him, and the champion of the world will have to travel to Australia to prove the contrary.

THE great twenty-mile bicycle race for the championship of Great Britain between Keen, the English, and De Civry, the French champion, was decided recently at London, England. Keen won, covering 20 miles in 1h. 4m. 17.34s. Although not equalling the record made by Cortis, the amateur champion, Keen beat the best professional record from eleven miles to twenty, except for the fourteenth mile. The following is the time for the last ten miles: 10 miles, 32m. 7s.; 11th, 36m. 18.35s.; 12th, 38m. 23s.; 13th, 41m. 41.35s.; 14th, 44m. 56s.; 15th, 48m. 12s.; 16th, 51m. 23.25s.; 17th, 54m. 38s.; 18th, 57m. 54s.; 19th, 61m. 10s.; 20th, 64m. 17s.

ABE WILLIAMS, the colored pugilist of Chicago, makes the following offer to George Taylor, the light weight colored pugilist, now boxing at Owney Geoghegan's:

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "That if Billy Bost, Owney Geoghegan or any other New York sporting man will put up a purse of \$250 that I will come from Chicago to New York and fight George Taylor, the colored pugilist, with hard gloves, Marquis of Queensbury rules to govern the contest, and the winner to be awarded the \$250. The purse must, however, be deposited with the POLICE GAZETTE before I will leave Chicago."

There is every probability of a trotting race being arranged for \$20,000. Edward S. Stokes of Fisk notoriety has issued the following challenge: "I will match Mackay's (of California) Sweetheart against Mr. Raymond's Phil Thompson, mile heats, three in five, for \$10,000 a side, the race to be trotted some time in July at Chicago or New York; that track to be chosen which will offer the best terms as to gate-money. The expense of bringing Sweetheart from San Francisco will be considerable, and therefore I will put up a forfeit of \$3,000 against \$5,000, and an additional \$5,000 against \$5,000 five days before the one fixed upon for the race. Or, if Mr. Raymond will trot in California, I will put up a forfeit of \$5,000 against his \$3,000. I will either give or take \$2,000 for expenses."

ON November 11th a dog fight was decided near Hunter's Point, L. I., between Tony Pastor, a white dog two and a half years old, owned by W. Russell, a dog fancier of Boston, and a yellow dog named Boxer, from Fall River. The dogs weighed 32 pounds, and fought for \$1,000. Large sums of money were wagered at \$50 to \$40, Tony Pastor being the favorite. Fully 250 sporting men sat on tiers of hard wooden benches surrounding the pit, eager to see the fray. The battle was a long and desperate one, and at the end of three hours they were hauled off and sang. Tony Pastor when let go crossed over the pit with a rush to renew the fight, Boxer going down from weakness as he received him. At the end of an other two minutes they were sponged again. When they were let go Boxer looked bewildered, and showed no disposition to leave his corner. The referee immediately decided Tony Pastor the winner.

THE announcement that Rowell has challenged any man in America to run and walk six days has created quite a revolution among the few first-class pedestrians who can travel nearly six hundred miles in 144 hours. We do not believe any match race will be arranged without Rowell lowers the amount. Where is there a sporting man in America who will have the courage to stake \$5,000 on a pedestrian's chances of beating Rowell, unless he saw gate money enough to bring him out from the fire in case his champion was defeated? We do not believe Rowell will always be invincible, and it is just possible that if he had Vint, Hughes, Hart and Sullivan behind him in a race that he would have to make a wonderful performance to beat them. We would advise Rowell to lower his \$5,000 offer, and agree to enter in a sweepstakes of \$1,000 with Hughes, Vint, Sullivan and Hart. He will then be certain of arranging a race, and the public will be satisfied it is bona fide.

DR. F. W. CARVER, the American marksman now in England, forwards the following challenge from London, England:

"To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "Sir: I hereby inform you that I intend to remain in London until next April and that I will shoot a match or series of matches against A. H. Bogardus or any man in the world at 100 pigeons, English rules, for \$1,000 to \$10,000 a side. I will shoot any man in the world a glass ball match for any sum from £100 to £1,000 a side, the balls to be sprung from two traps, distance 18 yards; half single and half double rise; to shoot with rifle and single bullet. I will shoot any man in the world a match at glass balls, half single, half double spring from traps any distance, with shot gun, for any sum of money from £100 to £500 a side or more. I will shoot any man in the world a match at glass balls or pigeons, 21 yards' rise, 100 each side, for any sum more than £100 a side."

"DR. F. W. CARVER, 'Champion Marksman of the World.'"

IN order to promote sport, Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has decided to offer a number of trophies to be awarded in the POLICE GAZETTE Grand Championship Athletic Tournament, which will be held in this city in January. At this affair medals will be offered for boxing, wrestling, club-swinging, etc. The trophies will be known as the POLICE GAZETTE Championship Medals. One of the trophies will represent the collar-and-elbow wrestling championship of America. It is valued at \$150, and POLICE GAZETTE Rules will govern the contest, and the winner of the trophy will have to defend it against all comers and win it three times before it becomes his property. A medal of the same value will be offered for the Græco-Roman Wrestling championship, to be held under the same conditions, while a trophy will also be offered for club-swinging, and medals for middle and light-weight pugilists. The tournament will last two days, and promises to be one of the most interesting ever held in this city. Wm. E. Harding, the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, will have the management of the affair.

IN Delaware, recently, Spot and Stump, two Philadelphia ball terriers, fought for \$100 a side. Stump weighed 23.12 pounds and Spot 29 pounds. The fight was a desperate one and after the canine champions had fought twenty-five minutes Spot's handler picked him up for a scratch. "I claim the fight," said Stump's handler. "On what? Why, your dog turned his entire body around four times and the fight is mine," said Spot's handler. "What dog turned?" was asked of the

referee. "Why, Stump, to be sure," was the answer. "I'm entitled to a scratch, am I not?" asked Stump's handler. "Certainly," was the reply. As quick as a flash Stump was slipped and he made an attempt to catch Spot while in the hands of his handler. "I'll beat you for that," came from Spot's corner, and the two dogs clinched. Spot got a throat hold and pinned Stump to the floor. A remark caused the latter dog's handler to reply and almost at the same moment he delivered a blow which precipitated a general melee. Two-thirds of the spectators joined in the fight and men were staggering all around the fighting dogs. The disturbance was finally quelled, the dogs separated and the fight awarded to Spot after a conflict of 25 minutes.

SINCE the retirement of James Smith, Wm. E. Harding and E. C. Hoiske from the pedestrian arena few heel-and-toe walking matches have been arranged for the fifty-mile walking championship of America. Pedestrians who believe they can cover that distance in 8 hours and 30 minutes or believe themselves champions can now have every opportunity to wager their money and arrange a match as will be seen by the following. On the 15th inst. Jim Keenan, of Boston, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office and deposited \$100 and left the following plan for any pedestrian that chooses to swallow:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1881. "To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE: "Sir—I will match Dennis Driscoll, of Lynn, Mass., to walk heel-and-toe, fifty or seventy-five miles, against any man in the world, Charles A. Harriman, of Haverhill, Mass., preferred. I will also match John Powers, of Brighton, Mass., to run any man in America any distance from 500 yards to half a mile for from \$250 to \$1,000 a side. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be final stakeholder. To prove I mean business I have posted \$100 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE for any one accepting either of these challenges to cover."

"JAMES KEENAN, of Portland street, Boston." The name of the noted sporting man signed to the above sweeping challenges is a certain guarantee that if any sporting man covers the \$100 we now hold that one or both matches will be made.

AT East St. Louis, on Nov. 12, Joseph O'Neil, of Vandalia, and Billy Lynch, of East St. Louis, fought according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$100 a side. A National Associated Press dispatch gives the following particulars and says: "The battle was a desperate one and for five rounds evenly contested. In the sixth round O'Neil was cut, lipped, bloody and discolored over almost the entire upper portion of his body, and physically disabled from doing more than to stand up, which he was compelled to do, round after round, by his friends, who filled him with stimulants for the purpose, in the hope that he might possibly win through, some accident to Lynch. For fourteen rounds O'Neil's backers stood him up to the scratch and every time they did so Lynch battered and knocked him down without once meeting with the slightest resistance. After the twentieth round O'Neil was insensible and only then was the sponge thrown up and Lynch declared the victor. Forty-five minutes had been spent in the fight. O'Neil was unconscious and cut almost to pieces and Lynch, while not injured, was almost exhausted from the desperate activity with which he had inflicted punishment on his opponent. His breast and face were covered with blotches of blood, which had splattered upon him from O'Neil's wounds, and his fists and arms looked like those of a butcher just withdrawn from a fresh carcass. After the fight O'Neil was spirited away in a wagon to a hospital and Lynch sneaked off and went into hiding.

A large crowd of sporting men congregated at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Nov. 9, to witness Paddy Ryan, of Troy, N. Y., and Jack Sullivan, of Boston, better known as the "Strong Boy," post the second deposit in their great match for \$5,000 and the championship of the world. Among the crowd present were Joe Goss, Harry Martin, Frank White, Jim Smith, Mark Maguire, James Keenan, of Boston, Bob Smith, and a host of others. Neither of the pugilists put in an appearance. Sullivan left his \$1,000, and Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who is finding the stakes for Ryan, forwarded \$1,000 to Harry Hill, the final stakeholder, and received the following receipt for the money: "NEW YORK, November 9, 1881."

Received of Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, the sum of one thousand (\$1,000) dollars. The said amount being the second deposit for Paddy Ryan's, of New York, match with John L. Sullivan, of Boston, for \$5,000 and the championship of the world.

"HARRY HILL, 'Final Stakeholder.'"

The total stakes now posted with Harry Hill is \$1,500 a side. The third and final deposit of \$1,000 is to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Dec. 7, when the representatives of the pugilists are to toss for choice of battle ground.

Sullivan's followers had an idea that Ryan's backer would forfeit and not post the second deposit of \$1,000, but when Joe Goss saw Richard K. Fox give William E. Harding a certified check for \$1,000, he shook his head and was greatly surprised. The latter end of this month Ryan will give an exhibition in this city, and then go into training. Ryan weighs 230 pounds, Sullivan 195.

THE mixed wrestling match at St. Paul, Minn., between Duncan C. Ross, of Canada, and Clarence Whistler, of New York, was won by Whistler. The first fall was Græco-Roman and was won by Whistler after wrestling on the ground 1h. 35m. During the intermission Muldoon appeared in the hall, having arrived on a delayed train, and was received with applause. His left arm was carried in a sling, his shoulder blade having been dislocated in a wrestling match at Oshkosh, Wis., last week. He carried a wallet, however, the contents of which he offered to bet freely on the success of Whistler. There were no takers. The next bout, catch-as-catch-can, was of brief duration. Whistler had but little difficulty in downing his opponent. The fall was a very pretty one and the contest lasted only four minutes. The 20 minutes rest having expired, time was called. Ross raised the point that according to the rules of the Græco-Roman wrestling a fall would only count with three points down. This was disputed and a newspaper copy of the rules was presented. This Ross refused to accept as final and insisted upon his point. The referee then decided that the rules only required that both shoulders should be down. Ross then demanded that the articles of agreement be read. This was done, and they specified that the match should take place between the hours of 8 and 12 P.M. Ross then claimed, amid a shower of hisses, that the match was off, as the hour of 12 was passed. The time-keeper's watch was consulted and it indicated that it was two minutes from 12. The referee decided that if Ross refused to proceed he would declare the match won by Whistler. Ross donned his coat, while the audience hissed and hooted. He entered a protest against any money being paid over, after which Mr. Johnstone declared Clarence Whistler the winner of the match and stakes.

CORRESPONDENCE

Now Ready.—2nd Edition.

Champions of the

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

Containing portraits of Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan, and all the champions. By mail, 25c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

SPORTING.

G. K., Harlem, N. Y.—Yes.
W. A. C., Peckskill, N. Y.—No.
R. A., Bay City, Mich.—Ottawa is the capital.
S. W. H., Fort Bridger, Wyoming Ty.—In 1865.
J. M. DERMOTT, Louisville, Ky.—On June 1, 1880.
JOHN McCL., Cloquet, Minn.—He was bred in Philadelphia.

G. C. HANSON, Beloit, Wis.—Sara Bernhardt was born in France.

G. H. GRANGER, Lima, Ohio.—We can send you book on receipt of \$1.

G. W. B. CORNING, N. Y.—Write to Dan Foster, care of Police Gazette office.

M. W., New Orleans.—Mike McCoole whipped Tom Allen and won the stakes.

S. W., Louisville, Ky.—You win. Both Crib and Pilot were imported from England.

A. B. C., Saco, Me.—The present volume of the Police Gazette commenced with No. 211.

W. M., Leadville, Col.—Charley Norton never fought a regular prize fight in this country.

H. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—The first horse to trot twenty miles was Trustee, who did it in 1848.

POLICE GAZETTE READER.—1. No. 2. We recently published a sketch of Tom McAlpine.

W. C. M., Pacer, Costello County, Cal.—Foxhall and Iroquois are both American-bred horses.

G. E. McF., Allegheny Pa.—You should practice jumping up grade and use dumb-bells weighing 15 lbs.

S. W., St. Paul, Minn.—1. It was on April 23, 1880, that John C. Heenan challenged Tom Sayers. 2. No.

CAPT. J. DALTON, Chicago, Ill.—We will hold the \$50 you posted with the Police Gazette subject to your instructions.

W. S., Columbus, O.—1. Tim Collins, the pugilist, is not dead. 2. He is living in the asylum for incurable lunatics at Boston, Mass. 3. No.

G. V., Baltimore, Md.—1. We answer all correspondents in turn as space permits. 2. We make no charge for answering questions. 3. No.

M. W., Parker's Landing, Pa.—The official number of votes cast for President in the last presidential election was: Garfield, 4,446,228; Hancock, 4,449,106.

J. W., Richmond, Va.—1. Ripon Boy, the trotting horse, died at Horicon, Wis., Dec. 19, 1873. 2. The tonnage of the Great Eastern is rated 20,000 tons.

P. D., Portland, Me.—"Fistiana" endorses our remarks and if you read it you will see that they claim that Johnny Lazarus was the better man at the end of the battle.

G. W., Galveston, Texas.—1. Yankee Sullivan never fought Wm. Hastings or Harry Gribben. 2. Sullivan was found dead in his cell at San Francisco, Cal., on May 21, 1880.

M. P., Boston.—1. John L. Sullivan stands 5ft. 10 1/2 in. in height. 2. Paddy Ryan is a larger man every way. 3. No. 4. Sullivan was playing an engagement in this city on the 4th inst.

H. M., Selma, Alabama.—1. No. 2. Fred Bussy and Andy Duffy fought on Nov. 20, 1867, at Robertsdale, Ill., for \$2,000. Bussy won in 120 rounds. 3. Joe Coburn was at the fight and B. wins.

H. M., East Saginaw, Mich.—1. Billy Edwards won the light-weight championship of America by beating Walter Jamison (Sam Collyer). 2. Arthur Chambers and Prof. John Clark were the last pugilists to fight for the title. 3. Chambers retired from the ring after his battle with Clark. 4. No.

W. S., Rochester, N. Y.—To count in a game of cushion caroms the cue ball must either strike a cushion after hitting the first object ball and before hitting the second, or must strike a cushion before hitting either object ball or after hitting both balls directly must strike a cushion and return to one of the balls.

G. E. H., St. Paul, Minn.—Duncan C. Ross may have challenged Wm. Muldoon, but he has never posted a forfeit with the Police Gazette to prove he was in earnest.

2. Whistler by all means. 3. Wm. Muldoon defeated Edwin Bibby in a match for the Graco-Roman wrestling championship of America, therefore he holds the title of champion until he is defeated.

CONSTANT READER, Columbus, O.—B. loses. Ryan and Goss when they signed articles of agreement agreed to fight in Canada. 2. On the day named for the battle a dispute arose at Erie, Pa., and Barney Aaron refused to allow Goss to go to the battle ground. 3. The matter was then left to Charley Johnson of Brooklyn, N. Y., the stakeholder, and he named Collier Station, West Va.

C. G., Baltimore, Md., and H. W. and T. J. C., Boston, Mass.—1. In the annual drawing for the \$1,000 prize offered by the Iron Steamboat Company, instead of, as last year, awarding the \$1,000 intact to the person the number of whose coupon corresponded with the number and series of ticket first drawn, the money was divided into five parts. 2. The first prize was \$300, the second \$200 and the three remaining \$100 each. 3. Ticket No. 38,139 of series 8 drew the first prize of \$300. Ticket 46,711 of series 13 drew the second of \$200. Tickets 28,987 of series 12, 47,319 of series 11 and 19,142 of series 7 drew \$100 each.

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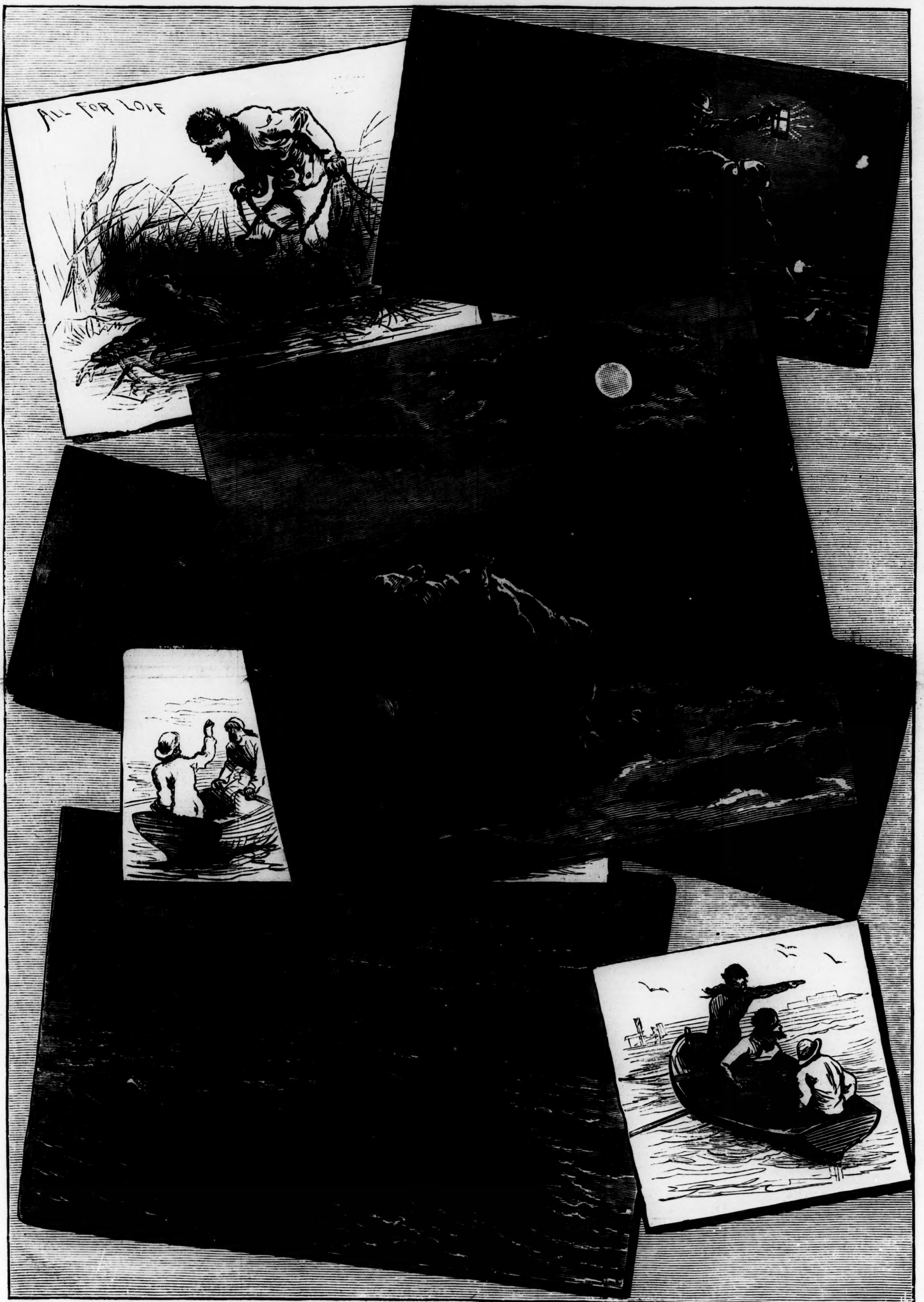
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